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Vol. 154

JANUARY, 1960

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# NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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# Episodes of the Month

NEW YEAR, 1960

AS we cross the threshold of a new decade it is natural to consider what may be its principal features. What will the world be like in ten years' time? Prophecy is always dangerous and should be indulged with caution, but it may be useful to spotlight a few issues which are likely to dominate the 'sixties, and at the same time to remember that whatever happens in the social and political spheres will be accompanied, and conditioned, by the ever more dramatic march of Science. Mankind will be striving to achieve peace, and perhaps even a measure of self-improvement, while discovering more about the Earth, about Space, about the means of sustaining and preserving Life, and about the nature of Life itself. It does not follow that the pace of discovery will be matched by the speed of progress towards a better world, but those whose concern is for the souls of men will be wise to respect and, so far as possible, to assist the feverish activity of the human mind.

## What Chance of Peace?

MANKIND needs to struggle: if peace were to mean inertia, human beings could never hope to live in peace. But war is only one form of struggle, and a form which should by now have lost its charm. Much of the violent physical emotion which used to find its outlet in armed combat is being channelled into the various types of relatively unarmed and innocuous combat known as Sport; while power-seeking politicians, to whom in the past war was no more than an extension of diplomacy, are becoming aware that in any future world war their countries' (and their own) survival would be doubtful. The lust to be top dog remains, but its practical expression is more likely to be competitive co-existence than competitive co-extinction.

Another factor making for peace is the sheer cost of modern armaments. The Great Powers cannot afford simultaneously to keep themselves armed to the teeth with the latest weapons and to finance vast development

programmes at home and abroad. They must choose between roads and rockets, between the apparatus of trade and influence and the apparatus of conquest. Moreover the "have" countries must face together, whatever their theoretical differences, the problem of the "have-nots". Russia and the United States, which have been regarded as antitheses since 1945, may now be on the point of regaining at least a semblance of their old relationship. If, as may be surmised, the Russians are beginning to appreciate that they have more to fear from the Chinese than from the Americans, the projected Summit meeting may not be a repetition of Geneva, 1955: it may lead to disarmament and a more general agreement between the European and Atlantic nations, including Russia, despite the doctrinal feud between Communism and freedom.

If the Cold War ends, or enters a less ice-bound phase, the United Nations will be an immediate gainer, because the deadlock between East and West has reduced much of its activity to a farce. By 1970 it may have acquired *some* of the features of a genuine World Government. National sovereignty will still be the rule, but there are functions which could and should be undertaken by the world organisation — for instance, the exploration of Space. The enormous effort of reaching out into the unknown should not be dispersed among rival nationalities, as the American effort was dispersed among rival Service Departments. In the last great age of adventure Europe was still inexorably divided, and its divisions were reproduced in every part of the world. In the present century, which will be the greatest age of adventure so far seen, the world itself is divided, but it is more capable of uniting for the purpose of Space research and Space travel than Europe was for the purpose of colonisation. It is just possible to imagine that the UN might set up a Space Authority, with a Russian as its first chairman, and that all the Powers might agree to work within it and to pool their resources. Failure to do so would be

## NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

recklessly extravagant and might lead to bitterness and conflict.

### Mac and Pam

IN Britain the New Year is marked by a complacency reminiscent of the Palmerstonian era, about which Richard Ollard writes on a later page. Historical analogies should never be overworked, but there are distinct similarities between Lord Palmerston in 1860 and Mr. Harold Macmillan in 1960. Both are associated with an attitude of bravado towards the outside world; also with a tendency to be more circumspect in action than in appearance. Macmillan, like Palmerston, has become widely popular through an affectation of aristocratic insouciance, and he presides over a curious coalition of feudalists and "new men". In his *History of England*, Dr. G. M. Trevelyan wrote of Palmerston: "His performances were eminently suited for a period when everything was safe, when nothing seemed to matter very much either at home or abroad, and when even to provoke a war with Russia involved only a limited liability". The difference now is that to provoke a war with Russia would be suicide, and Macmillan has recently been going out of his way to conciliate Russia. (His "Crimea" was an unsuccessful aggression against a minor Power — Egypt.) Yet, despite the international perils which now beset them, the British people under "Mac" are in much the same mood that they were under "Pam". We look in vain for another Gladstone. Someone of the sort must emerge if British public life is to be rescued from moral atrophy.

### African Challenge

IT is safe to predict that the underprivileged continents of Asia and Africa will be scarcely recognisable by the end of the decade. In Asia the situation is already revolutionary, and much will depend upon whether or not India can achieve by consent what the Chinese are achieving by totalitarian methods. It is never easy for a democracy to move as fast as a dictatorship, and in India the traditional obstacles to rapid movement are many and daunting. But Mr. Nehru's Government has been working on the right lines and if it can now count on very much more generous help from the rich democracies of the West it should be able to keep free institutions alive while providing food and work for the

Indian masses. The direct military threat from China may also bring India and Pakistan together: as time goes on partition may give way to some form of loose federation.

Africa is on the brink of revolution. Will it be violent or will it be peaceful? The answer lies with European settlers and metropolitan governments. Violence has already broken out in many places (not to mention the full-scale war which is still raging in Algeria) and the old illusion that white supremacy can be upheld indefinitely is now only cherished by fanatics or by people who refuse to think. Probably the most decisive event has been the eruption of the Belgian Congo, the subservience of whose "natives" had become a legend. Mau Mau and the emergency in Nyasaland also played their part, but without the Congo troubles those would have been attributed to the notorious laxity of Whitehall rule. Now there is evidence of reappraisal throughout the European communities in Africa. In Tanganyika this has borne fruit in the timely concession of responsible government. Mr. Nyerere deserves all the compliments he has received for his careful wooing of minorities, but it is only fair to say that he might not have been so successful in his own territory but for the fear aroused by "extremists" in other territories. His achievement cannot be considered in isolation from the African nationalist movement as a whole. In Kenya, where settler power has been more entrenched than in Tanganyika, a more difficult operation must be performed. Mr. Macleod has to impose a Tanganyika-type constitution against the wishes of the European, and probably also of the Asian, communities. If he does so, the future for the minorities will be tolerable, as Mr. Mboya and his associates are no less aware than Mr. Nyerere of the need for external aid. But if he (Mr. Macleod) makes the mistake of supporting Mr. Blundell's New Kenya Party the outlook in Kenya will be grim.

Further south, in the Central African Federation, all eyes are turned to the Monckton Commission, which will soon be starting work. Critics of the Commission's membership (which is indeed, on the face of it, quite indefensible) have too readily assumed that it will produce a reactionary Report. We should prefer to suspend judgment on that point. Lord Monckton is a realist and, as chairman, his influence may be decisive. And if the Report turns out to be broadly liberal in its conclusions the

## EPISODES OF THE MONTH



A recent drawing by Ronald Searle of Camp Laschenskyhof, near Salzburg, Austria — an "unofficial" camp housing 228 of the 110,000 refugees still unsettled in Europe. Some of the men and women in this camp have been living there for fifteen years, and many of their children were born there. They are among the 22,000 foreign-speaking refugees in Europe who have been rejected by all overseas countries which are capable of receiving immigrants. Classed as "difficult cases" they have been refused a chance of a new life because some member of each family has been found to be socially or physically unacceptable. The stringent immigration laws make no allowances for the old, the sick, or the sinners, and their situation is often made even more intolerable because they are given no reason for their rejection. The only hope of clearing the camps is to relax restrictions for a certain period and to devise really magnanimous schemes for absorbing refugees, such as that put forward by Sweden ten years ago. This year Great Britain made the first gesture and took 200 "rejects". New Zealand has accepted fifty handicapped families and Canada has waived its very strict regulations to admit 100 tubercular refugees and their families. Norway and Sweden are collecting money with enthusiasm and success. Belgium has promised to take a substantial number and there is hope of a generous scheme from the United States. But if World Refugee Year is to be effective the free nations must stop protecting themselves and take responsibility for these people, many of whom chose to leave their country of origin because they believed in the free way of life. KAYE WEBB.

impact will be far greater than if its composition had been denounced in advance by Sir Roy Welensky. A most significant development, in the Rhodesias and in the Union of South Africa, has been the veering of Big Business in a more liberal direction. White politicians have a special interest in the *status quo*, because their careers are at stake; but white business-men are only interested in preserving their economic

position, whatever government — of whatever pigmentation — is in power. Hitherto they have obviously been convinced that white governments could hold their own against African nationalism, but now they seem to be changing their minds.

No white government will be harder to dislodge than that of the Union of South Africa, which has recently secured the services of Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery



as an honorary and unofficial P.R.O. Lord Montgomery prides himself upon his soldierly capacity to "seek out the essentials of a problem and cut away the unimportant details"; but he seems to have overlooked the essential fact about *Apartheid* — that it is a denial of human dignity and, in particular, of the Christian concept of human brotherhood. His arguments in favour of the Nationalists' racial policy (in the *Sunday Times*, December 20th) are based upon the entirely fallacious view that "the vast majority of Africans have not reached the stage of being able to exercise the vote". If different standards of living and of education (both artificially maintained) are to be held to justify an oligarchic form of government, there is no reason why Great Britain, for instance, should ever have become a democracy. Dr. Nkrumah is quite right to assert that "the kingdom of politics" must first be sought: in Britain's experience sweeping social reform followed the establishment of universal suffrage, and without it might have been long delayed.

"One-man-one-vote" democracy may be

abused, but it is certainly preferable to a racist oligarchy, and we expect to see it largely prevail in Africa during the next decade.

### Dissident Voices

THE present political atmosphere in Britain is enervating and relaxing; but a wind has begun to blow which may before long be felt throughout the country—even in its most sheltered spots. It is not an opposition wind, in the normal sense: the Labour Party is more becalmed than ever. It blows within the governing Party and its purpose is to cleanse and revive Toryism, not to impair its strength.

Even in Parliament there have been symptoms of back-bench independence, and of forbearance by the Whips, which would have been unthinkable before the Election. The Government's larger majority is one explanation: the Party is no longer the victim of a siege mentality. But it is also possible to discern some evidence that M.P.s are now slightly ashamed, in retrospect, of their craven performance in the last Parliament and are anxious to make amends.

More striking, however, and more important in its long-term effects is the growth of Radical Tory ideas among undergraduates at the universities. In the article which follows Mr. Haselhurst describes this trend in the Oxford University Conservative Association, culminating in Mr. Whitehead's much publicised and most laudable act of defiance at the Oxford Union. What distinguishes these young political campaigners from their predecessors in the Tory Party is that they seem to be *thoroughgoing* radicals — they are not liberal at home and Jingo abroad, in the Disraeli tradition — and that they are not afraid to show their convictions openly, even though by so doing they may forfeit any immediate hope of political advancement. It is to such men that the Tory Party can look for its future leaders, because the best leaders are nearly always those who have been prepared to face an early struggle against misguided authority.

*The Index to Volume CLIII (July-December 1959) is now available on application to THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW, 2 Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4.*

A Welsh Coxswain



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# TORY RADICALISM AT OXFORD

WHEN Mr. Macmillan visited the Oxford Union on December 3rd, 1959, to witness the presentation of his bust to the Society, there occurred in private business before the presentation a motion to adjourn the House for a token period in protest against the Government's treatment of Dr. Hastings Banda. The undergraduate who dared to do this before an assembly that had gathered for a more light-hearted occasion was the newly elected Secretary of the Oxford University Conservative Association, Phillip Whitehead. On December 7th a letter was published in the *Daily Telegraph* outlining the views of the so-called "Tory Radicals". Its ten signatories were all either ex-Presidents or current officers of the Oxford University Conservative Association (OUCA). The object of this article is to explain the background to these two events.

First, however, I must offer some comment on the term "Tory Radical", since some of our critics have attacked us on the grounds that the two words are self-contradictory. There is no such clash. The word "Tory" has no clear ideological connotation, and in any case there is a very strong radical tradition in the Tory Party. One has only to mention Peel, Shaftesbury, Disraeli and Joseph Chamberlain to make it clear that Tory Radicalism does exist and that it is by no means a new concept. Indeed the Tory Party has only survived because it has had radical members and paid attention to them. Even today the Prime Minister is often saying that Tories are "radical to uproot and destroy all that bars the road to progress". I shall therefore use "Tory Radical" as a label throughout this article, preferring it to the cumbersome pomposity of "progressive Conservative".

When I first came up to the University OUCA was recovering from a period in which it had too close an affiliation with the Carlton Club. In this period an influential group of people had broken away from the Association and had formed the Blue Ribbon Club in an attempt to get down to real political discussion. At this time OUCA had no appeal to large sections of the University population, but it is difficult to decide whether bad politics or bad organisation was more responsible for this.

Many of OUCA's worst organisational defects were remedied by Presidents Carl Ganz and Bob Tanner, and in 1956 a new constitution appeared in which one of the main objects of the Association was defined as being "to further the cause of the Conservative and Unionist Party". Undoubtedly the officers in the period 1956-57 paid some attention to this problem, but success was greater in the neighbouring constituencies to which they sent speaking teams than within the University itself. Many of the people who were being elected to the Committee of OUCA were out of touch with undergraduate opinion. They stood for election to Committee not because they wanted to do a job of work, but because they valued the social status that it gave them. The impression that the freshmen of 1956 and 1957 gained of OUCA was that it was run for the benefit of the few and of the very few.

Those of us who thought that the Association should have a high membership, and who therefore devoted a considerable amount of time to touring every room in our respective Colleges to try to sell the terminal card, were appalled by some of the reactions we received. A terrifyingly large number of undergraduates looked on OUCA with contempt and derision. It is small wonder that the total membership rarely passed the thousand mark, and often struggled even to approach it. Competent Tory speakers in the Union were so few that the President of the Union in Michaelmas Term, 1957, was compelled to write to the President of OUCA to ask him if he could do anything to remedy the situation. To complete this unhappy picture it should be known that the Committee of OUCA in Michaelmas Term, 1956, took upon itself the rare task of making a political as opposed to an administrative decision: it decided to collect signatures for a petition *in support* of the Suez expedition. In these ways OUCA fancied that it was "furthering the cause of the Conservative and Unionist Party".

Tory Radicalism in Oxford had its roots in the determination of a group of us, then in the lower ranks of the Association, to make OUCA an altogether more effective organisation with which to promote Toryism among all members of the University. The

basic need was to rid the Committee of its incompetents. Despite strenuous opposition from the people who were then in office, our group eventually became a majority on the Committee and provided a President. Four terms have now passed since this change came about and there has been a significant improvement in OUCA's fortunes. Membership has attained and passed the almost incredible total of *two thousand*, giving Oxford the largest political association of any university in the country. The number of meetings has been increased and special attention has been given to the development of discussion groups. More attention has been given to matters of policy, too. At a meeting addressed by Mr. Heathcoat Amory in January, 1959, attended by over six hundred members, Tony Newton (ex-President of OUCA) and the present writer moved a motion protesting against the decision of the South African Government to introduce segregation into the Universities of Witwatersrand and Cape Town; and it was carried *nem con*. More recently the Committee pledged its support to a petition demanding that Dr. Banda be brought to trial or released. More Tories are debating in the Union — and with greater success than formerly — and OUCA's reputation in the University at large has been enhanced enormously.

The people who effected the administrative improvements in OUCA were also more

progressive in their political thought than their predecessors, and the competition for office has therefore been categorised as a struggle between the Left wing and the Right. The division certainly exists, but it comes into the open only when the Association's elections are in progress. The voice of OUCA, so far as it is possible for OUCA to have a voice, is supplied by those who are most active in the hierarchy. At discussions and debates the Right-wingers are curiously silent: they seem afraid to be drawn into a defence of their views. Even when a speaker or discussion leader makes a proposition with which several Right-wingers present are known to disagree, not one of them will openly oppose it. Such is the strength of Right-wing Toryism.

All this suggests that Tory Radicals are more representative of Tory opinion in the University than any other kind of Tory. This conclusion is supported by the record of debates in the Union over the last year or two. The Union appears to be Tory in general but radical in particular. Every year the Union debates a motion of no confidence in Her Majesty's Government, and every year (in my experience) that motion has been lost by a small majority. It is interesting to compare the results of the following motions about specific issues:

May, 1958: "That this House condemns the Defence policy of Her Majesty's Government." *Carried by 153 votes to 99.*

January, 1959: "That the present Government's colonial policy in Africa is not calculated to promote the interests of the African people." *Carried by 160 votes to 62.*

April, 1959: "That adequate educational progress is impossible under a Conservative Government." *Carried by 101 votes to 90.*

May, 1959: "That this House deplores the Government's attitude to the problem of the Central African Federation." *Carried by 150 votes to 65.*

November, 1959: "That this House deplores the Government's equivocal attitude to Kenya." *Carried by 206 votes to 146.*

Mention must also be made of the occasion two years ago when the Union debated the proposals of the Wolfenden Committee relating to homosexuality. It approved the recommendations by 587 votes to 87. These results compare with a vote in the last confidence debate of 167 to 152 in favour of the Government, so it is clear beyond doubt



TONY NEWTON

## TORY RADICALISM AT OXFORD

that many Tories in the Union share our views. (As a footnote it is interesting to report that many Tories who were in favour of Suez at the time have since changed their minds.)

Over the whole of this period the beliefs of the Tory Radicals have been forming. In what ways does our approach to Toryism differ from that of other Tories? From the start let there be no mistake about it — we *are* Tories. We are completely opposed to Socialism and we hardly notice that the Liberals exist. What is more, we believe we are often truer to Toryism than many of our critics within the Party. But we absolutely refuse to believe that the Government can do no wrong or that it should not be criticised if it does. We deprecate the Government's attitude to Her Majesty's subjects in Central Africa. How can we expect these people to be desirous one day of entering the Commonwealth, when they have been treated so badly for so long? To detain Africans without trial cannot be the best way of gaining the confidence of the people in the Federation, and yet this should be the mainspring of our policy if we wish to create a multi-racial State. We do not believe that Britain will win friendship and respect in the world by her bizarre voting in the UN; yet it is only in her influence that Britain can be a great nation — in terms of power she can no longer claim to be first-class. Turning to home affairs, we doubt whether it is the best policy to concentrate on tax relief when money is needed for many vital projects. We also think that it is sometimes the duty of a government to *lead* public opinion — must desirable reforms be continually put off because the Government is too frightened to act? The role of the Tory Radical is to *pep up* Toryism in order to keep it essentially pragmatic, for it is in danger of becoming too doctrinaire.

In this post-election period what some Tories seem to forget is that the one sure way of reviving and reuniting the Labour Party is for the Tory Party to mark time or even to allow itself to veer to the Right. Thoughts of this kind persuaded John Corson (General Agent of OUCA) to write to the *Daily Telegraph* in November to deplore the Floggers' Chorus from the Tory Back Benches in the House of Commons. Following the publication of his letter there appeared two others which poured scorn on his "pale-pink radicalism". Their authors seemed oblivious of any danger to the Tory



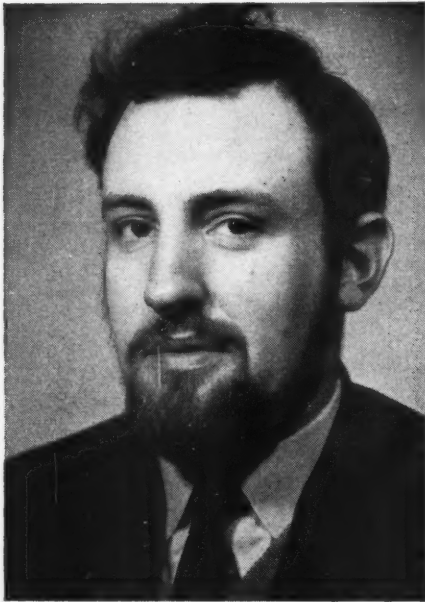
ALAN HASELHURST

Party. They were supported by a leading article which, in the midst of some confused argument, referred to "the privileged few who by reason of superior education think they know best". We confess that it came as a total surprise to us that the *Daily Telegraph* of all papers should use the word "privilege" as a term of abuse. But we had been challenged in print and we intended to reply with a fuller exposition of our views.

A letter, which was drafted by Tony Newton and signed by nine other prominent members of the Association, was posted to the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph* on the evening of Monday, 23rd November. Precisely one fortnight later, on Monday, 7th December, when the original correspondence had probably been forgotten by most people, our letter was printed — but not on the main correspondence page. It may be just coincidence that it was printed on the first day of the Christmas vacation, when all its signatories had dispersed to their homes up and down the country; but it is surely odd that it should have been withheld for so long.

The occasion of Mr. Macmillan's visit to the Union, especially as he was to be accompanied by Mr. Lennox-Boyd and Viscount Monckton, provided a unique opportunity for Oxford undergraduates to demonstrate





PHILLIP WHITEHEAD

their distaste for the Government's policy towards the Central African Federation. It was also imperative to show that the bulk of Tory opinion shared this distaste. This prompted Phillip Whitehead, the Secretary-elect of OUCA, to warn the President of the Union in advance that he intended to move the adjournment of the House. In deciding on this course of action he received our full support. The only argument that was raised against it was the effect of the motion being defeated in the House. On any normal occasion an adjournment motion of this nature would be easily carried. But it was known that on December 3rd the Union would be packed with people who had come for the sole purpose of hearing Mr. Macmillan: many of them would not have attended debates regularly. Despite these fears Phillip Whitehead resolved to proceed with his action.

Never at any time did we give serious weight to the argument that this was an insult to the Prime Minister. He is an ex-officer of the Union and we assumed that he was familiar with its procedure. We also assumed that he was too big a man to take offence at the motion. In any case we do not believe that people with a genuine grievance should feel constrained to keep quiet about it. (Did Mr. Macmillan keep quiet in

the 'thirties when he disagreed with the Government?) There is a feeling gaining ground in the Tory Party that it is almost improper to create a fuss about any issue, particularly if the fuss entails criticism of the Government or the leader. We do not hold with this. We believe that criticism, if there are good grounds for it, should be voiced loudly and frequently. The call to cease rocking the boat has been obeyed far too consistently for our liking.

So Phillip Whitehead got to his feet in a packed House on December 3rd and moved his motion. He made it very clear in his brief speech that no discourtesy to the Prime Minister was intended and that the sole concern of Oxford Tories was the Government's disastrous policy. His motion evoked a most favourable response from the House and it was clear that most people wished it to be discussed. The motion was opposed briefly by John Malcolm, a Right-wing Tory. The time factor being very important that evening, the President called no further speakers and announced that he would take a vote by show of hands. Throughout the speeches the Prime Minister made obvious his displeasure and appeared to members in all parts of the Debating Hall to be extremely angry. He was quite audible to those around him when he said to Mr. Lennox-Boyd that he would leave if the motion were carried. After the event it is arguable that Mr. Macmillan would never have carried out this threat, but the President responded to the situation at the time by declaring the motion lost. The almost unanimous opinion of guests seated in the Gallery was that the motion was easily carried: indeed, many journalists reported to this effect. Even on the floor of the House it was possible to say quite confidently that the motion was carried by a small majority. It can also be assumed that many people voted against the motion not on its merits, but on the grounds that it should not have been put. But whatever the ruling from the Chair, Mr. Macmillan could not possibly have failed to grasp the feeling of the House. The object of the motion's sponsors was achieved.

Currently the Tory Radicals in Oxford are under two pressures. Socialists and Liberals revile us for remaining in a party with whose Government we disagree on several important issues. They tell us that the Tory Party will never change and that our hopes for a progressive Tory Party will never be fulfilled. We think that our grie-



## TORY RADICALISM AT OXFORD

vances are legitimate, but we prefer to work them out within the framework of the Tory Party. After all, it is not in the interest of the Socialists that the Tory Party should be in any way progressive.

Opposition to the Tory Radicals from the Right wing of the Tory Party in Oxford has for long been quiescent and ineffective. In the Michaelmas Term of 1959, however, there were signs that the Right wing was becoming more militant with John Walker-Smith (son of the Minister of Health) assuming the leadership. If they gain control of OUCA, which seems to be their ambition, Toryism in Oxford may well go into decline. Their feelings were summed up in a letter that John Walker-Smith wrote to the *Daily Telegraph* in reply to ours. This letter contained several very questionable statements: e.g. his assertion that the Banda motion was defeated and his suggestion that tax relief is not inflationary. Yet it was a clever piece of work, probably written with a picture of the typical *Daily Telegraph* reader in mind and designed to reassure and convince him (or more probably her) that we were only an heretical minority. Some of the other contributors to this correspondence took the

same line and dismissed us as "immature thinkers", using in their support arguments which did not always display great political acumen, e.g. Mr. A. R. Wise, M.P., and his analogy between *Apartheid* and the Bank rate. Their attitude seems to suggest that only they are the true Tories and that there is no place in the Tory Party for persons of our ilk. This not only contradicts the past but points a sorry path for the future.

We must emphasise that a split with OUCA or indeed the Party is the last thing we intend: our aims are to strengthen Toryism and to ensure its survival. We think that these aims are not being served by some of the Government's policies, and we feel that we ought to say so. It is because there are so many people at Oxford who believe in Tory Radicalism and do not carry party loyalty to absurd lengths that the public has recently been hearing about the Oxford University Conservative Association. We think that our views are most properly called Tory and we submit them to the attention of everyone who is anxious to perpetuate the life of the Tory Party in a manner worthy of its traditions.

ALAN HASELHURST.

## NEW YEAR, 1860

OF all the characteristics of the mid-Victorians the most irritating and the most enviable is their monolithic self-confidence. "Smug, arrogant, insensitive, overbearing", snarl the critics from a later, more distracted age as they search the huge, bland surface for a concealed join or even a natural fissure. "Robust, creative, virile, adventurous", boom the defenders of the period. Whatever the adjectives one chooses to apply, there is general agreement on the existence of the thing described. So widely diffused and so tenacious a quality must have drawn its strength from many sources. But two of them were so limitless and so long established as to render all the rest comparatively unimportant: first, the belief in a benevolent and omnipotent Creator; and second, the conviction that Britain was invincible at sea. God and the Navy provided a system of comprehensive insurance against ultimate disaster and immediate danger. No wonder that the mid-Victorian, under such auspicious protection felt a certain confidence, perhaps even a certain superiority, as he spoke with his

enemies in the gate.

Yet the year 1859 had seen both these pillars of the temple quiver, if only for a moment. Darwin had published the *Origin of Species* and the implications for English Christianity, with its tradition of strong, almost superstitious veneration for the Bible, were grave indeed. The threat to British naval supremacy was even more obvious. The French had grasped the meaning of the new, bewildering developments in naval armaments, developments rendered more confusing by their coincidence with the change from sail to steam and from wood to iron. The Lords of the Admiralty, temperamentally disinclined to go a-whoring after strange gods, had not. Though they were quick to counter or to imitate each new move from across the Channel, there was an uncomfortable feeling abroad that England might not be given the time to catch up. "The first Article of an Englishman's Political Creed must be, That he believeth in the Sea" wrote George Savile, Marquess of Halifax in 1694. Some, at least, among those who saw in the New

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Year, 1860 must have realised that the fundamental axioms of religion and politics had been called in question.

Outwardly the religious situation at the close of 1859 seemed calmer than at most periods of a reign that had been full of theological excitement and controversy. Darwin, it is true, had let loose ideas that were to render some religious positions untenable. Yet, on the surface, all was quiet. The great battles over Evolution still lay in the future. The anger and suspicion against the Church of Rome aroused at the beginning of the decade by the Reconstitution of the Hierarchy and intensified by the defection of Archdeacon Manning and others as a result of the Gorham judgment had largely abated. Newman, the most illustrious name in the history of Victorian religion, had faded from view. His efforts as Rector of the Roman Catholic University in Dublin and as editor of a magazine had been obstructed or discouraged by the authorities. The obscurity that surrounded him was penetrated only by the attacks of his fellow-convert, W. G. Ward, in the pages of the *Dublin Review*. Manning, who had no instinctive distaste for publicity, was not, as yet, in a position to attract much attention. Not that he was idle: 1859 was, for him, a year of feverish correspondence with Monsignor Talbot at Rome in his heroic but necessarily secret efforts to discredit Dr. Errington, who had been designated to succeed Cardinal Wiseman as Archbishop of Westminster. At the New Year 1860 no great things were expected of the Roman Catholic religion. "Romanism is now so completely the religion of decaying and stationary nations" remarked *The Times* in a leading article on Monday, January 2nd, 1860 that surveyed the general state of affairs in Europe. That Newman was to write one of the most famous books of the century and that Manning was to become one of the patron saints of the English Labour Movement were two of the most startling surprises in store for the Late Victorian Age.

In the Church of England no issues had emerged to inflame the party spirit that still ran high. The excitement over the Gorham case had died down; *Essays and Reviews*, which was to revive and exacerbate all the old antagonisms, lay just over the frontier of the New Year. But if there was no particular *casus belli*, the troops were still standing to their arms. The

following extracts, taken from the private journal for 1859 of a devout and unworldly Cambridge don, give curious evidence of this:

- 21st February. Dr. Hook promoted to the Deanery of Chichester! May an Evangelical Vicar be appointed to Leeds! Thou, O Lord, canst effect this.
- 29th July. Poor Dean Erskine! May an Evangelical Dean be sent to Ripon and a similar vicar to Leeds! Thou, Lord, canst arrange both if it be for thy glory.
- 25th August. Archdeacon Hardwick killed by a fall from a precipice in the Pyrenees. May a right successor be appointed.

If the Evangelicals were frightened that too many of the key positions in the Church were passing into the hands of their opponents, the High Churchmen had seen actual physical violence inflicted on their more extreme supporters. 1859 was the year of the riots in St. George's-in-the-East. The Rector, whose judgment was not equal to his courage, had introduced a measure of ceremonial into the conduct of the services that his congregation considered Popish. The resulting scenes were so disgraceful that the Bishop of London had to close the church for several weeks. Even this produced no improvement if we are to judge by the Rector's account of the proceedings on January 1st, 1860:

"The whole service was interrupted by hissing, whistling and shouting. Songs were roared out by many united voices during the reading of the lessons and the preaching of the sermon; hassocks were thrown down from the galleries, and after the service, cushions, hassocks and books were hurled at the altar and its furniture. I myself, and the other officiating clergy, had been spat upon, hustled, and kicked within the church, and had only been protected from greater outrages, for several Sundays past, by the zealous devotion of some sixty or eighty gentlemen who attended from different parts of London."

Eventually the Rector resigned, but his curates, Charles Lowder and Alexander Mackonochie, remained to become two of the best-loved parish priests who have ever ministered to the poor of East London.

Tait who, as Bishop of London, had the unenviable task of dealing with this situation, was already in 1859 obviously a Primate in the making. His fairness and courtesy were acknowledged by the warmest partisans of all schools of Churchmanship, and the vigour of his administration was convincing proof that moderation does not necessarily imply tepidity. To borrow his own admirable phrase it was "the danger



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LORD PALMERSTON IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1860

that the Church of England might die of its dignity" that seemed to him most urgent. More than any bishop of his time he realised that Christianity must be brought to those who had not formed the habit of coming to church. Early in his episcopate he had addressed mass meetings of costermongers in Covent Garden and of bus drivers in their depot at Islington. He had even preached to railwaymen from the eminence of an engine. Such Methodist proceedings were distressing enough, but worse was to follow. He actually had the temerity to suggest that Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral might be opened on Sunday evenings for popular services. The Westminster authorities agreed without much difficulty, but the Chapter of St. Paul's, headed by Dean Milman, was made of sterner stuff. No one would come, they argued, and it would all be much too expensive; their objections ended with minatory mutterings, about the Fabric Fund. When, as a result of the bishop's importunity, the first such service was held on Advent Sunday, 1858, every place in the cathedral was occupied an hour beforehand and some twenty thousand people had to

be turned away. The strain thus imposed on the Fabric Fund was evidently intolerable since early in 1859 the Chapter discontinued the services, refusing every plea and even some offers of financial assistance. The energy, the simplicity, and the comprehensiveness of Tait's Christianity typified the more hopeful features of English religion at New Year 1860. By their light one might almost look forward to a time when Evangelicals and High Churchmen might devote the zeal that went into party wrangling to a larger and more challenging purpose.

In politics, still more than in religion, the 'fifties had lacked the dramatic interest of the decade that had gone before and the decade that was opening. Peel's death in 1850 had disorientated the party system. Only in 1859 was it possible to discern the outlines of a new one. In June the government led by Lord Derby and Disraeli had fallen after failing, earlier in the year, to carry a half-hearted measure of Parliamentary Reform. Gladstone, who had voted with the government in the crucial division, was offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in the new administration

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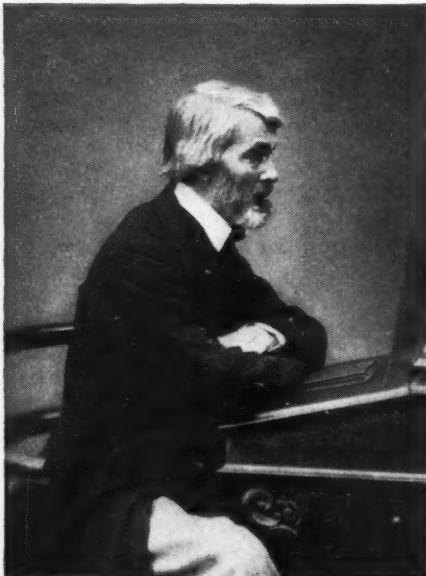
which Lord Palmerston was forming. His acceptance, after repeated refusals of similar offers from Lord Derby, is not the least perplexing incident in his enigmatic career. "Why", as his niece wrote at the time, "if he can swallow Pam, couldn't he swallow Dizzy, and, in spite of him, go in under Lord Derby?" Most historians, including his latest biographer Sir Philip Magnus, have attributed his decision to a desire to promote the cause of Italian freedom, and certainly this was one of the few issues on which he saw eye to eye with his new chief. But the reasons for his action concern us less than the consequences. Palmerston, for all the gusto and vivacity that gave so powerful an illusion of movement, was, after all, merely marking time. "We might have a little law reform, a little bankruptcy reform, but we cannot go on legislating for ever". Nor, in spite of appearances, could he go on being Prime Minister for ever. Once he was gone, the way was clear for Gladstone to unite Whigs, Peelites and Radicals into the great Liberal party of the Late Victorian Age. The struggle of the Titans was about to begin.

All this might have been clear to a student of politics at New Year 1860, even without the advantages of hindsight. But he would be aware also of forces and fears

that we forget or underrate because we tend, when we turn our eyes from the present, to judge intensity by duration. England in 1859 was chiefly preoccupied with Europe. The struggle for Italian national freedom was followed with anxiety and hope. To Gladstone, it seems, it was the paramount issue of the day. To most Englishmen, however it was complicated by the renewal of an older fear, the growth of French power and prestige. To see the Austrians beaten out of Italy was one thing, to see the French victorious another. The name of Napoleon was not one to inspire confidence in peaceful and neighbourly intentions. What made the situation far more alarming was the widespread and well-founded fear that England might lose, might indeed have lost, her supremacy at sea. The First Lord, in presenting the Naval Estimates, admitted that during part of the last year there had been no Channel Fleet.

There was one now however; six sail of the line, soon to be replaced by eight screw ships of the line and five heavy screw frigates. He asked for the vote to be increased from £8,800,000 to £9,800,000 and for the manpower of the navy to be raised by 3,000 to 62,480. That the French were ahead of us in warship design was obvious. This very year they had launched *La Gloire*, a vessel of 5,600 tons, built of wood, but protected round the waterline by 4½ inch armour plate. The Admiralty replied by laying the keel of the *Warrior*, the first capital ship to be built entirely of iron. This bold innovation was to pay handsome dividends, but for the present there was still cause for anxiety. On the other side of the world a powerful squadron under Admiral Hope had been badly mauled by the Chinese in an unsuccessful attempt to capture the forts at the mouth of the Peiho. Doubts as to the invincibility of the Royal Navy played no small part in the inauguration in 1859 of the Volunteers—what we should call the Territorials—for whom Tennyson wrote "Form, Form, Riflemen, Form."

It was a Victorian precept that a gentleman should never show that he is afraid. Shame at being thought to be afraid of France led to a sharp attack in Parliament on a matter in which the Government was not, in fact, in any way involved. A French vessel, the *Charles et Georges* was arrested in coastal waters off Portuguese West Africa



Radio Times Hulton Picture Library  
THOMAS CARLYLE



and condemned as a slaver. The French government protested that though the ship was privately chartered she carried a French government agent as a passenger and the matter was therefore one for diplomatic negotiation. The fact that she was a slaver was not contested. Portugal submitted to French pressure and promised redress. English opinion was outraged. Why had we allowed our oldest ally to be browbeaten by the French? Was not the putting down of the slave trade a policy that we were proud to pursue? The Government's reply that Portugal had not invoked the treaty and that even if she had there was no *casus foederis*, was unanswerable. But in some quarters suspicion lingered that we had failed to act because we were frightened of the French.

*The Times* leading article for 31st December, 1859, reviewing the whole decade in the amplitude of some five or six thousand words, devoted most of its space to foreign affairs. The sudden and unpredictable nature of events was emphasised. "In the spring of 1857 a Foreign Minister congratulated an English friend on the happy condition of a people which seemed to have no more pressing grievance than the presence of some intrusive cows in one of the public parks. A fortnight later the news of the Indian Mutiny arrived." At home things had gone forward in a more orderly fashion. The prosperity of the country had risen steadily and the revenue was in a most satisfactory state.

It is excellent evidence of the mid-Victorian concern with literature and the arts that this leader, so vast in its range and so massive in its proportions, should yield pride of first place, to an article on the death of Macaulay. Describing him as "the greatest of English writers whom the nineteenth century has produced" *The Times* singled out for special praise his purity of moral tone and his absence of paradox, "unlike the modern class of historian who are for ever trying to deify force and to exalt success". The censure here implied did not deter Carlyle from issuing the rest of his *Frederick the Great*. Of the other writers and painters with established reputations who were active at New Year, 1860, there were Frith and Millais, Tennyson and Browning, Dickens and George Eliot, Thackeray and Trollope, Ruskin and John Stuart Mill. On a more popular level Wilkie Collins and Charlotte



Radio Times Hulton Picture Library  
LORD MACAULAY

Yonge were at the height of their powers. Among the year's publications by writers as yet unknown were Meredith's *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, which was not a success, and Henry Kingsley's *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, which was.

Faced with such riches, it is perhaps the best policy to select the least known which, by long odds, is the last named. *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, like all Henry Kingsley's work, is vivid, shapeless and thoroughly readable. Its particular interest for the reader of 1859 is that the greater part of the action takes place in Australia, a country which, because of the recent discoveries of gold or because of the free, not to say lawless, manner of life, was arousing no little interest and curiosity. Kingsley's experience as a police officer gave his descriptions of bushrangers and convict settlers a depth of understanding and sympathy that one does not often find in a novel of adventure. And no emigration bureau could paint a more inviting picture of the life that awaited a healthy and hard-working man of outdoor tastes.

If we could go back a hundred years, should we be more surprised by the strangeness or by the familiarity of everyday things? The Detective Story was coming



into fashion and this very year, 1859, had produced a sensational trial, The Richmond Poisoning Case, of a type that we know well. Expert witnesses of unquestionable authority had disagreed on a technical matter with the result that the prisoner, though convicted, was after some months granted a free pardon by the Home Secretary. The only feature of the case that would strike us as odd is that the Professor of Chemistry at Guy's found it necessary to apologise to the court for having conducted an analysis on a Sunday. There was even a new species of financial criminal, identified by *The Times* in a leading article as the Absconding Charity Official. The decade that was ending had been more than

usually rich in contrast between past and future. The year of the Great Exhibition had witnessed the last full-scale rebellion at a Public School. Dr. Arnold's broom had not swept clean enough: a Royal Commission such as had already investigated the affairs of the Universities could not be long delayed. To sum up the period here briefly reviewed is fortunately unnecessary as it has already been defined in the phrase of G. M. Young, by whose recent death we have lost at once the most sensitive medium of the Victorian *Zeitgeist* and its most searching critic: "Of all decades in our history, a wise man would choose the eighteen-fifties to be young in".

RICHARD OLLARD.

## Dossier No. 18

# NORSTAD AND NATO

**T**HE build of General Lauris Norstad is lithe and acrobatic and, metaphorically at least, this is fortunate as his present appointment involves an unusual amount of tightrope-walking. As Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, General Norstad is finding the striking of a balance between military strategy and civilian politics—notably the rejuvenated hurly-burly of European politics—increasingly important and increasingly difficult.

And, as if ancient rivalries and colonial aspirations were not enough, the question of nuclear weapons bedevils him. Indeed, so fraught with doubt and peppered with question-marks has the NATO scene in Europe become that should universal disarmament ever come to pass one can imagine that few would be more relieved than General Norstad himself.

When he took up his appointment three years ago, General Norstad may well have considered that his task might become progressively easier than that of his predecessors. General Eisenhower, as the first NATO Supreme Commander, inherited little more than a skeleton command structure and a sense of urgency from Field-Marshal Montgomery's Western Union. His successor, General Ridgway, with his apparent distrust of European ways, carried on with the build-up of forces but did little to enhance the popularity or influence of

NATO. General Gruenther, the third Supreme Commander, had learned his trade under Eisenhower and proved a military diplomat of the first order. His successor, it might have seemed, would need only to supervise the build-up to the minimum requirement of a thirty-division force on the Continent and carry out a round of personal appearances and public relations duties.

The first obstacle to this direct progress that has appeared is the sudden awareness of Russian technological progress, particularly in the field of long-range missiles.

The second is that, under the protective shield of NATO and the poised striking force of the American Strategic Air Command, Europe has prospered and grown fat and lost the sense of urgency it had when, as Norstad himself says, "people in headquarters were asking not *if* war was coming, but *when*."

The third obstacle is the impossibility of dividing small, tactical nuclear weapons—such as will be issued to infantry support companies—from bigger weapons which become bigger and bigger and quickly capable of instant genocide. If a dividing line cannot be drawn and NATO ground forces are committed to the use of tactical nuclear weapons then war can never be limited.

It has been said that the present state of nuclear stalemate is a war of nerve rather

## NORSTAD AND NATO

than nerves. If this is so then probably General Norstad is the ideal man for an unenviable job.

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At fifty-two, Norstad is strikingly youthful, relaxed and uncomplicated (his hobbies are golf, fishing and fiddling with hi-fi gramophone equipment). Throughout the War he had worked as a senior staff officer with the U.S. Air Force—with the result that he was spared the mental and physical wear and tear of operations—and when he returned from the planning of the final bombing of Japan he was appointed Director of the Plans and Operations Division of the War Department in Washington.

In 1951, when he was Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Air Force in Europe, he was given the additional appointment of commander of the Allied Air Forces in Central Europe. This led to promotion to Air Deputy to the Supreme Commander in 1953 and eventually to his present office.

He is no more a field commander than was Eisenhower or Gruenther — and it is noteworthy that the one Supreme Commander who was not a success at SHAPE. His appearance — the tight, thin-lipped mouth, the sharp blue eyes and the athletic figure — may be that of a fighting man, but he himself is essentially the eager, earnest American executive — the man in the grey flannel suit who has got to the top.

In dealing with subordinates, however, who may be battle-scarred veterans of half a dozen campaigns, he has the advantage of the aviator's built-in mystique. Of his immediate subordinates only the British have first-hand knowledge of the use of massive air power and Norstad has an enormous amount of personal experience of three-dimensional strategy. This natural "ploy" he presents briskly and dramatically, with just a touch of the theatrical that he may well have picked up from Lord Montgomery.

But unlike Montgomery, Norstad dilutes his air of command with many carefully-studied compliments tailored to fit each nation's set of complexes. Were he not Supreme Commander or the president of an industrial empire he would surely find himself engaged as one of the President's "personal envoys", another Hopkins, Harri-man or Eric A. Johnston. He may well become such a diplomat on his retirement from SHAPE.



Keystone

GENERAL LAURIS NORSTAD

The vast defensive system, ranging from the Arctic Circle to the Middle East, that Norstad has inherited is based on the concept of "sword" and "shield" forces.

The "sword" is not in Norstad's hand. This is the Strategic Air Command—with nearly 2,000 nuclear bombers, backed by the network missile bases, the carrier-borne air striking forces in the Atlantic and Mediterranean—which is under the direct control of the United States Government. In addition, and this is often overlooked, there is Bomber Command of the R.A.F., which, with its megaton weapons, is capable of delivering an apocalyptic bombardment all by itself. This, too, is under national command.

The "shield" is Norstad's responsibility. At the Lisbon conference of 1952 it was decided that this should be based on a minimum land force of thirty divisions for the central sector between the North Sea and the Alps. At the present time only two-thirds of these are in being and a number of them cannot be considered battle-worthy. Indeed this army has been weakened by the withdrawal of half the French contribution to fight in Algeria, and this loss has not yet been made good by the formation of the promised twelve German divisions, only seven of which are now in being.

Weakness on the ground seems to be

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partly made up for by considerable strength in the air. Norstad has some 5,000 tactical aircraft at his disposal, operating from about 220 bases, and most of these are capable of delivering some sort of atomic weapon. The light *Canberras* of R.A.F. Bomber Command—soon to be replaced by *Valiants*—are under Norstad's command and these can range from England as far as Leningrad or Kiev and even, flying at low level "under the radar", can cover most of Eastern Europe despite the enormously increased fuel consumption at this height. On the Northern flank of his battle line Norstad has a division in Norway and another in Denmark. In the South there are twelve Turkish divisions, five Greek and seven Italian.

The staggering cost of keeping these forces in being is often criticised on the basis that NATO forces in Europe need be no more than a trip-wire to set off an atomic war and little more than an international gendarmerie is needed. General Norstad's answer to this is that, even now, there is no certainty that atomic weapons would be used. If East Germany attacked West Germany or, for example, Bulgaria invaded Greece on behalf of the Russians, atomic weapons might not be used by the aggressors and they could be repelled with conventional forces without risk of an atomic war chain-reaction.

Here lies great danger. NATO ground forces are virtually committed to the use of tactical atomic weapons—such as can be fired from a mortar or anti-tank projector—and, once these are brought into play many experts doubt that it will be possible to halt the spread of atomic counter-battery.

On a higher level—one that is political and economic as well as military—NATO is concerned over the nuclear arms race. The reasons for nations wanting to join the nuclear "club" are many and not least among them is the fear of an eventual American withdrawal from Europe and the subsequent jostle for superiority among European governments. France, for example, is determined not to have to risk relying upon British nuclear forces in the event of an attack from the East, were the American shield withdrawn.

The only solution Norstad himself sees to this dangerous and crippling expensive arms race is the handing over of nuclear weapons to NATO control. The weapons

would thus be equally available to, say, Norway and Germany and, among useful by-products of the scheme, would be a reduction of necessary nuclear tests. Variations of this scheme have been discussed at length by NATO military and political committees and, at the time of writing, the strongest opposition to it seems to be coming from the Americans.

\* \* \*

Inevitably in any discussion of NATO problems the question of the Supreme Commander crops up. Is Norstad the right man for the job? He has held it for three years and several pressure groups have been at work suggesting that it is time for him to retire and to be succeeded by a European, presumably a Frenchman.

In a glance down the ranks of European generals it is difficult to see any possible successor. During his years at Supreme Headquarters he learnt much from his predecessor, Gruenther, about public relations and much from Montgomery about handling the more prickly politicians and generals.

Even as a figurehead, Norstad is effective with his startling good looks and his European ancestry—his grandfather lived near Stavanger in Norway. He spends much of his time in dealing with important individual visitors and the large conducted tours of his headquarters. (At one time he made great efforts to interest and entertain trade union leaders.) At the present time he has close professional and personal relations with his British chief of public relations, Brigadier Cardiff, whose spectacular Guards exterior conceals a shrewd brain.

He is now asking some NATO governments actually to increase their Defence spending and he fears that, if this should be delayed by reluctant Parliaments—even for a few months—the whole NATO build-up may well be thrown out of gear, its impetus flag and the whole military alliance slide back into impotence.

But if his propaganda is successful he feels that his forces may have reached the minimum safety level by the end of 1960. And if by that time he has been able to put a stop to the all-Europe nuclear arms race he may go down in history as a man who did more than most contemporary politicians to save the human race from extermination.

# THE POLITICS OF OVER-POPULATION

ALL those gratifying predictions that the religion of an American presidential candidate was a diminishing, even negligible, factor and of little more concern to the voters than his weight and height have been thrown in doubt by a sudden public interest just before Christmas in birth control. The Christmas symbol for the politician was not Santa Claus bringing gifts but the stork bringing embarrassment. It seems scarcely credible that anyone would determine their vote for a President by his views on birth control, though he might of course determine it by a candidate's religion.

Standing by itself the issue is phoney and academic. The American Government does not, and is hardly likely to, urge other countries to practise birth control and promise aid if they do. Nor, on the other hand, is it likely to give them the cold shoulder because they do. The fact that Japan has legalised abortion has not in any way influenced the American attitude towards that country. A Presidential candidate's views on birth control are unlikely to be of any greater public importance than his taste in dress. Yet more words have been expended in discussing this subject than the disclosure that television "quiz" programmes were not always completely spontaneous, and the discussion has been accompanied by the same near-hysteria and hyperbole. The reason, it seems clear, is that Roman Catholics regard artificial birth control as immoral. Hence the birth control controversy has served to emphasise the fact that several Democrats with Presidential ambitions were Roman Catholics.

It all began when an advisory committee on economic aid, under the chairmanship of General William Draper, suggested last July that the United States help countries "on request, in the formulation of their plans designed to deal with the problem of rapid population growth." This was interpreted as meaning that if they wanted birth control advice they should be given it. The rolling snowball was at first slow in gathering speed and size. Then the Roman Catholic Bishops, late in October, issued a statement that the view of the Church was

"that the promotion of artificial birth prevention is a morally, humanly, psychologically and politically disastrous approach to the population problem." Roman Catholics would not "support any public assistance either at home or abroad to promote artificial birth prevention, abortion or sterilisation, whether through direct aid or by means of international organisations."

The Rt. Rev. James A. Pike, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of San Francisco, thereupon declared that the attitude of the Roman Catholic hierarchy would "condemn rapidly increasing millions of people in less fortunate parts of the world to starvation, bondage, misery and despair." He raised the question of whether this statement was "binding on Roman Catholic candidates for public office." This sent the reporters post-haste to Senator John Kennedy, the most prominent Roman Catholic seeking public office, and the leading contender for the Democratic Presidential nomination. He answered that as a Roman Catholic he was personally opposed to artificial birth control, that "it would be a mistake for the United States to attempt to advocate the limitation of the population of underdeveloped countries," that if he were President and the question came before him he would decide in accordance with his oath of office to do whatever was in the best interests of the United States, that what other countries did about the matter was their own concern, and that any effort by the United States to determine the policies other countries took on the question of birth control would be impermissible intervention in their internal affairs. Other Presidential candidates, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, took very much the same position.

Other denominations supported Bishop Pike. The Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice said it was in favour of "all efforts by the United States in foreign aid or through the United Nations to help birth control programmes in India, Japan, Puerto Rico and all other countries where the population explosion is outstripping improved methods in food production." It criticised the Roman Catholic hierarchy



Camera Press

SENATOR JOHN KENNEDY

for lumping together "birth control, abortion and sterilisation." By this time bigotry was beginning to replace detachment. Southern Baptist organisations began to pass resolutions declaring that they would support no Roman Catholic candidate for the Presidency. Roman Catholic writers protested that it was absurd to concentrate on Roman Catholic candidates alone and condemn them for statements made by their Church. Early this year a Protestant body had advocated recognition of Communist China. By the same logic as that applied to Roman Catholic candidates there was a danger that a Protestant President would not feel free to determine Chinese policy in accordance with the best interests of the United States.

Roman Catholic theologians began to point out that there was a difference between actively encouraging birth control and tolerating it. It had always been an accepted part of Roman Catholic doctrine that one can tolerate, though never foster, a lesser evil to accomplish a greater good. Finally the question was put to the President at his last Press Conference before departing on his grand tour. He made a valiant effort to push the issue back into the realm of

private morals where he obviously thought it belonged. "I cannot imagine anything more emphatically a subject that is not a proper political, or governmental, activity or function or responsibility," he said. If other governments wanted to encourage artificial birth control methods, "that is their business." If they wanted helpful information "they will go unquestionably to professional groups, not to governments."

There was some grumbling that the President had backed the Roman Catholic Bishops and some complaining that if government aid to prevent deaths was legitimate why should not the same view be taken of government aid to prevent births, since both were part of the over-population problem. There were also many who considered that, so far as 1960 politics was concerned, the President had effectively swept the birth control issue under the rug and regretted it. Said one commentator, "the dedicated persons and groups who for years have laboured to awaken governments as well as peoples to the potential of world devastation if the 'population bomb' is allowed to explode will find both Republican and Democratic Presidential candidates citing Eisenhower's statement as a final ban on government association with their mission."

It is still too early to say whether birth control will cease to be a political issue. All Presidential candidates would welcome such a development, for views on it cut across party and denominational lines. The residual effect of the controversy may well be increased attention to a candidate's church affiliations. People now know that Nixon is a Quaker, Rockefeller a Baptist, Stevenson a Unitarian, Symington an Episcopalian, Humphrey a Congregationalist, just as well as they know that Kennedy and Governor Brown of California are Roman Catholics.

America has never had a Roman Catholic nor a Jewish President and for somewhat the same reason. A President of either faith, it has been suggested, might allow his religion to be a controlling factor in making government decisions. The bond between all Roman Catholics and all Jews is stronger than the bond between Presbyterians, Lutherans, Anglicans and other denominations of different countries. This intellectual argument has at least more merit than the undisguised religious prejudice which still exists in places. There have been

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## THE POLITICS OF OVER-POPULATION

Roman Catholic and Jewish Senators, Congressmen and State Governors. Both faiths have had their representatives in the Cabinet and on the Supreme Court. But nobody of either faith has ever gone that one step beyond to the White House.

The President, it should be remembered, does not only correspond to a British Prime Minister but to a British Sovereign. He is Head of State as well as Head of Government. British constitutional law prevents any Roman Catholic ascending the Throne. The American Constitution on the other hand states "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification for any office or public trust under the United States." There is, in other words, complete separation of Church and State.

The defeat of Governor Alfred Smith of New York in 1928 has often been attributed to the fact that he was a Roman Catholic. But he also had other handicaps such as his "Bowery" accent and opposition to Prohibition. The country was enjoying prosperity under the Republicans and there is no reason to suppose that some other Democratic candidate would have defeated Herbert Hoover. Similarly if Senator Kennedy fails to get the Democratic Presidential nomination the fact will no doubt be

attributed to his religion. But he also has other handicaps. He will be forty-three next May and looks ten years younger. He comes from an Eastern State, Massachusetts which, though large, is not (like New York) large enough to offset the political assumption that candidates from the West and Middle-West have greater national appeal. Finally, regardless of the religious issue, there are other candidates, such as Stevenson and Senator Symington, who might well be considered, for reasons of geography and greater maturity, to be more likely to win votes.

If the defeat of the Democratic candidate Al Smith in 1928 is attributed to his Roman Catholicism, the defeat of the Republican candidate James G. Blaine in 1884 is attributed to the anti-Roman Catholicism of his supporters. A Protestant clergyman in New York attacked his Democratic rival, Grover Cleveland, as representing the party of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion". This lost Blaine the electoral vote of New York and with it the Presidency. Bigotry is a two-edged sword which can cut either way. Attacks on a candidate for his religious beliefs might prove damaging, but equally might increase the support given him.

DENYS SMITH.

## ADVICE TO A YOUNG WRITER

THE young unknown writer called upon the old-established one and put the question: "What shall I do to become a great author?"

"How d'you mean?"

"What shall I write about to attract the public?"

"The answer's simple enough. Write about sex or tecs".

"Don't you think sex is overdone?"

"Yes and no. In the last few years there has been an enormous amount written about sex. Formerly there was a greater quantity about love. Most of the sex stuff is as far off the mark as the previous love stuff. The core of sex is merely a swift physical act. One cannot write volumes about that".

"In this country", said the young man, "one couldn't get it published."

"No. British publishers are moral fellows".

"In the event of its being published the police would suppress it, as has been done several times".

"Yes. This is a free country. After all, a detailed description of the actions of sexual intercourse would not make a novel. I doubt if it justifies one".

"Yet modern authors think the circumstances, before and after the sex orgasm, justify a novel".

"I agree. One cannot think of an English author writing like Maupassant, for example".

"There's a small public for him, as there is for the unabridged *Arabian Nights*, *Decameron*, *Heptameron*, Rabelais and many another similar."

"As a matter of fact there's nothing fresh to say about sex. Authors like you have dealt

with it so circumstantially. To give an example: in *The Widow* Maupassant makes a young man describe with great relish how he kissed a lady upon her secret face. You may try it if you like, but no British author has yet combined the zest with delicacy that many foreigners, especially French writers, have in handling intimacies".

"No. I don't think I shall try to be the English Maupassant any more than the English Zola. I don't feel equal to it. I've no taste that way, besides being sure there's neither publisher nor public for it".

"Very well. Be thoroughly English and go with the tide of crime, mystery and detection that's now in flood".

"That's worse. I don't want to go with the tide".

"Are you a university man?"

The young man shook his head, saying, "No university. I consider it a waste of time".

"Maybe. But it's a damn good holiday. No waste of time for a writer. Like a public school a university gives you a *cachet*. To be Oxford's a sure passport to literary success. The Oxford products write some queer stuff. I find most of it unreadable, but no matter what an Oxford man exuviates it finds publisher and public. I suppose university men and their mothers and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts read it, or at least talk about it. You know, a mutual back-scratching, like taking in one another's washing. It resembles listening to the prattling of a precocious child. Not being public-school or varsity, are you Roman Catholic?"

"No. I profess no particular religion".

"That's a pity. I'm not thinking of your immortal soul, or your morals (both of doubtful validity) but of your literary career, your chances of boost. Something weird and erratic in the way of religion is an asset, as is a vague yearning attitude, preferably verbose and well-nigh unintelligible, toward the immensities of the Universe and the aspirations of our Higher Selves. You notice I have the jargon complete".

The younger man nodded and laughed.

The elder resumed: "You should belong to one of the orthodox religious sects which will back you. Preferably the Roman Catholic, which like the Lord is mindful of its own. Mere unbelief, no religion at all, damns you, if not in the next world, certainly in this. Be sure atheists, agnostics and heretics of all sorts never support each other. Are you a Scot?"

"O Lord, no! I'm pleased to say".

"You should be sorry. Clannishness is valuable to the coming author. Why, man, there are famous names in literature who would be unknown except for being Scotch".

"I suppose there are".

"And there are others, too. To be Irish isn't a bad help, but to be Welsh is a hindrance. The Welsh hate literature as they do all art. A Welshman can succeed only by turning his back on his country and people, actually and metaphorically. To be English is to be heavy, verbose and sentimental, out-weighted so only by the Germans".

"Yes. It's dreadful. There seems a good field still for Romanticism".

"Huge. Are you inclined that way?"

"Not a bit. I dislike history and antiquarianism and archaic language. Shakespeare's and all costume plays are as objectionable to me as Scott or Lytton or any other of the Romantics. I hate chivalry as much as I hate lace ruffles and swordknots. I think those who write about such stuff are all liars".

"I wouldn't go that far. I'd say Romance is fairy-tales for adults. Realism is evidently your line".

"Yes", agreed the young man.

The older man dropped his bantering tone; "The term Realism has been so abused that one cannot use it in its normal meaning. We want literature about people as they actually are, not photographic, but with deep and sympathetic understanding of their motives, their personal idiosyncrasies. I believe England is the most snobbish country in the world, the home of bourgeoisie. When I go through the Royal Academy I want to cry to those fellows—'Go out into the highways and hedges, the villages and the back streets of towns and paint what you see there!' That's why photography is getting so popular, both in exhibitions and illustrated papers. It keeps in touch with common things; depicts mundane existence. Public education in this country is cursed by snobbery, both in practice and aims. We have no peasant art such as you find on the Continent. Our arts are overrun with middle-class people and the products of higher education. I find the same in literature. Occasionally a writer comes along from the ranks of the people, but he goes astray, or gets nobbled by academicism. If he remains true to his origin he fails to get a hearing. I had years of struggle to overcome an early indiscretion that way."

The younger author looked surprised and asked: "What did you do?"

The older author explained: "In some of

## ADVICE TO A YOUNG WRITER

my early work I showed myself in sympathy with the farm labourer. Not with the farmer—that was permissible. I allied myself in feeling with him who 'bowed with the weight of centuries leans upon his hoe and gazes on the ground'. I was treated with contempt and insolence; made to know that I'd placed myself outside the pale of respectability. You may sneer or jeer at the rustic, or use him as a comic turn, or expose him as a natural curiosity, but you must not identify him with yourself. That's unforgivable. The trouble about the common people is that those who can write know nothing about them, and they themselves cannot write about their own lives. Still I live in hope. Another great English author has yet to come. I believe he will be a villager or a small town or slum product, who will not turn his back upon his people but will show us humanity as it is so effectively that we shall all cry 'Here is every man, revealed by himself'!"

Slowly the young man shook his head, saying: "It won't be me. I'm middle class. I lack both knowledge and experience and the burning heat of genius to fuse the mass and shape it into recognisable lineaments".

"Try poetry," urged the elder writer. "Not pretty-pretty, but poetry. All that can be sung has been sung about flowers and birds and such-like. The English language contains an astonishing body of love lyrics and conceits on beauty. Yet there's a clamant call for a poet of the present, such as I asked for in fiction, who will sing of life around us, for never was life so rich and varied, in spite of all the efforts of governments, democracy and education to level out the differences."

The young man replied, "No. I'd like to but I've no ear for the music of words".

"Have you travelled?"

"Not widely."

"Take a Cook's tour round the world and write a book on it. Many have written travel books with less material. A week in a foreign hotel makes the modern young author an authority on the country."

"I'm too honest . . .", began the young man.

There was a moment's silence. Asked the older man, "How old are you, laddie?"

"Twenty-five".

"Exactly the right age for writing your autobiography".

"I'm not a fool or a poseur".

"So I've discovered. Be glad you're neither. Besides, you haven't been through a public school or a university. Have you lunched with actresses, supped with Bohemians or talked

with the titled?"

"No. I've had to earn an honest living".

"Hm. No use. Your autobiography would not be saleable. You appear to have the makings of a satirist".

"I'd like to be a satirist", pronounced the young author. "But I seem to have thrown my stones at the wrong objects. Today there's too much vague goodness about to appreciate satire or irony".

"I know. Democracy hates them both. Either suspects you of hypocrisy or takes you literally."

"That's so. I mustn't satirise the Royal Family because it's so popular. I mustn't satirise the Government because it's taken so seriously and has so much to contend with these days. I mustn't satirise religion because that's blasphemy, and religion's doing its best for uplift. I suspect religious bodies to have a stranglehold on public expression".

"They'd like to have," said the older man with a scornful chuckle. "Go on".

"I mustn't satirise politics because all parties are trying to do good for the people. I mustn't satirise education because teachers are so important. They are moulding the destinies of the race. Oh, damn! There's nothing to write about".

The speaker finished with a despairing gesture and laugh.

The older man regarded him for a minute, then said "There's only one opening for you: to be a critic".

"A critic! There's no criticism today".

"Entirely so. That's why I say it. Criticism is urgently needed today. We're perishing for want of criticism. It's our vital requirement. We ought to cry aloud for criticism as a hungry child for milk".

A. R. WILLIAMS.

## CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, *National and English Review*

### FOXHUNTING THESE DAYS

From Miss Iris Murdoch

SIR,

May I say something in reply to Mr. Angus Macintyre's article on "Foxhunting These days"? Mr. Macintyre, while preserving an air of impartiality, has, it seems to me, presented a cunning defence of this sport. He connects it with the "rough, basic and enduring aspects of country life", and pic-

## CORRESPONDENCE

tures the argument concerning its continuance as an argument between ignorant doctrinaire townsfolk and country people who "do not see why townsmen should lecture them on what is after all their life's work". He also quotes with implied approval the report of the Committee on Cruelty to Wild Animals to the effect that the abolition of hunting would "lead to an increase in the use of more cruel methods" in the suppression of foxes. The article is illustrated by a photograph (which I can hardly imagine was chosen by Mr. Macintyre) of a young girl holding a fox's brush, captioned "Enthusiasm Rewarded".

This matter of hunting arouses strong emotions on both sides and it is important to separate different issues which are involved. In my view, the chief argument against hunting is this, that it is unworthy and immoral to derive pleasure (and to encourage one's children to derive pleasure) from a pursuit which involves hunting down and killing a living creature purely, or mainly, for sport. (Even if it is claimed that hunting is *also* useful, few people could sincerely say that they indulged in it *because* it was useful). I am myself moved decisively by this argument.

Whether one accepts or rejects it, there are a number of other issues to be considered, of which the most important is whether foxhunting effectively controls foxes, and whether if it were abolished methods more cruel to the fox would take its place. On the former issue Mr. Macintyre hints (though without drawing any conclusion) that in fact hunting involves the "toleration" and "preservation" of foxes. If this is true, then foxhunters at least cannot plead that their activity is useful; while on the latter issue all that one can say is that it is a technical problem, and surely not an insoluble one, to find humane methods of keeping the fox population under control. As for the "life of the countryside" argument, the fact that an activity is traditional and strongly connected with some sectional interest does not in itself show that it is worthy, though it may show that it is hard to attack, or possibly in some circumstances not worth attacking.

People who hunt probably do not put these abstract moral considerations to themselves; and even if they were to do so, and to be moved by them, they might still conclude that the pleasures of hunting were more important. I would feel respect for

someone who, with a clear head, defended hunting on purely hedonistic grounds. After all, we are most of us hedonists; and, to speak of a less obviously controversial matter, most of us are content to eat meat every day without investigating whether the animal we devour was likely to have been killed humanely, or even having the faintest idea how it was killed. The suffering of animals may not seem, in these times, an issue of the first importance. But it is an issue of some importance; and surely we should endeavour not to blunt our imagination or to dispense with our pity where the suffering of any other being is concerned.

Yours faithfully,

IRIS MURDOCH

*Cedar Lodge,  
Steeple Aston,  
Oxon.*

## DAYLIGHT SAVING

*From Mr. J. Baddiley*

Sir—In your November issue Axminster, usually so level-headed and far-seeing, makes some rather wild assertions and forecasts on "Daylight Saving". If an individual or a business firm really deserved to "save daylight" they would set their hours of work by the sun: in short start earlier, as all Continental countries do. Shops and offices are open at 7 or 7.30 a.m. and close at 4 or 4.30 p.m.

As a farmer, Axminster appears to me lacking in agricultural knowledge when he says "there is over-production of milk". The scarcity and high price of cheese and butter throughout the world is common knowledge. Both are rationed, not by fair shares, but by the pocket. To pick a few producers out, as he suggests, would surely aggravate the situation. If the clock was advanced two hours the townsman's milk, which is already aged when it reaches his doorstep, would be still more aged.

"Perhaps the coal miners would object." So would Axminster if he was compelled to leave his feather-bed at 3 a.m. summer time, instead of 5 a.m. to reach work at 6 a.m.

The number of manual workers or, as I prefer to call them, productive workers is now being exceeded by that of white-collar men. Be careful, Axminster: your ideas could easily make matters much worse.

Yours faithfully,

J. BADDILEY.

*West Burton,  
Nr. Retford, Notts.*



**P**INK MARPLING, latest Mayfair fashion, is to vanish with the other Christmas decorations, and a good job too. An emergency measure, it succeeded through sheer vagueness and fear of the unknown. Sooner than discover, at the price of their cars, what one could or could not do in the pink zone, people stayed away; but the effect would soon have worn off. Furthermore, it is very bad for children to watch guardians of the law breaking into and stealing the cars of their employers, or towing them away—and, besides, to tow either my Rolls Royce or my Bentley is to destroy the automatic gearbox.

Any permanent scheme, though it may include compulsion, must rely on incentive. Moreover it is no good being too democratic with the problem; it pays the country handsomely to allow more latitude in Mayfair to the cars of some citizens than to others. So two things are badly needed. First, a Central London Licence, without which no car will be allowed into the middle of London. The price of this licence should be increased until the traffic circulates freely; and the money raised should be spent on traffic improvements and garages. Those whose business cannot support the cost of such a licence should do their business elsewhere, and make way for those who can use valuable central space more profitably both for themselves and for the economy. If successful, a general Town Licence could be sold to cover the whole country, without which no car could appear in the centre of any congested city. Unthought of today, but until lately a consideration, such a scheme would soften the initial inflationary effects of road improvements.

Secondly, it must be made crystal clear where cars can or cannot wait or park. At present to leave a car almost anywhere, for however short a time, is to take part in a lottery; it may be there on your return, or it may not. I have even had my car driven

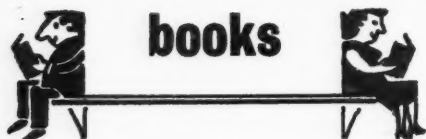
away from between two other vehicles which remained unscathed—but that was probably because of its expensive appearance. You cannot park near (? how near) a corner—or a zebra (if you can see it on a wet night). The pavements are littered with puzzling notices—"No waiting this side except on ODD dates"—with which pedestrians sunk in thought collide and which are really only understood by dogs. My own attempt to keep my front door clear by displaying "NO waiting not EVEN on ODD dates" has had to be removed. Surely the answer is to paint the kerb white wherever, for one reason or another, the police do not want cars to stop; then we shall all know where we are and they can be as fierce as they like.

\* \* \*

**T**EACHING OTHER PEOPLE how to do their job has many attractions (see this page every month) but the habit must on no account spread to the Ministry of Transport. There has recently been seductive talk of "making the nationalised industries more directly responsible to Parliament." What does this mean? M.P.s no doubt have visions of at last being able to ask why their train was late, or why the G.W.R. is to be closed, without being told that it is "a matter of day-to-day administration". This might be a good plan; but Ministers perhaps have visions of being able to tell the nationalised industries what to do, which would not. Ministers are over-worked amateurs once they stray from the field of politics. They do not have the time, in any sense, to learn another job. They would be clay in the hands of the permanent civil servants, who are highly intelligent, but who sap and mine, and have no constituents to distract them. Tighter Ministerial control of nationalised industries means Civil Service control. The qualities of the good civil servant are marvellous ones, to be wondered at and never to be underrated; it is incredible that the country obtains them so cheaply. But no gifts serve all purposes; and the gifts needed to sort out a nationalised industry are more likely to be found in independent television than in the Athenaeum. What is wanted in the nationalised industries is *less* Ministerial control and more, far more, money offered for the jobs at the top.

AXMINSTER.





## NO ORDINARY BIGOT

CYRIL FORSTER GARBETT, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK. By Charles Smyth. *Hodder and Stoughton*. 35s.

CYRIL GARBETT was the child of a Victorian country parsonage. His elderly father, who had spent a quarter of a century in India and had witnessed the Mutiny, was "greatly influenced by the writings of Maurice and Kingsley" and held that "lack of charity was a greater sin than doctrinal error". His mother was "a most diligent visitor, she was in and out of every cottage in wet and fine"; her churchmanship was "more devotional" than intellectual; and she had somewhat tenuous aristocratic connections, thanks to which her son was able to qualify for a closed scholarship at Keble College, Oxford, despite his early indolence and incompetence as an examinee.

At Oxford his one outstanding achievement was the Presidency of the Union. In the Schools he was awarded a "respectable Second" in Modern History. He moved on to Cuddesdon and was ordained, in 1899, by Randall Davidson, who was then Bishop of Winchester. The next twenty years he spent in the parish of Portsea, first as a curate, then as Vicar. Portsea was a showpiece of Anglican parochial organisation, a dramatic departure from what was, and is, the general rule. A large urban population was served by a team of unmarried clergy, who lived together in a communal establishment and worked as a military unit. Portsea curates were the shock troops of the Church of England, and a Portsea Vicar could expect preferment. Garbett's first Vicar was Cosmo Gordon Lang, who shot like a meteor into the ecclesiastical firmament; and in 1919 Garbett was himself appointed to the Bishopric of Southwark.

By this time he was a formed and formidable man. His mind developed late, but it was a mind of unusual activity and retentiveness: "because he was always taking in, he always had something to give out". He had a "special talent for Christian apologetics of the non-academic type", a *genre* in which he eventually became a best-selling author. He organised his own life, and the lives of his subordinates, with inflexible strictness. But

he was seldom cruel without meaning to be kind, and he had a social conscience which showed most clearly in his crusade against slum housing. In 1932 he was translated to Winchester. In 1936 he said: "There is going to be another war and, after that, a world revolution". In 1937 he protested strongly in the House of Lords against the bombing of Guernica. In 1938 he attended the International Missionary Conference at Tambaram, Madras, where "the World Church came alive for him". In 1942 he succeeded William Temple as Archbishop of York and during his thirteen years as Primate of England won the admiration of a world-wide public for the mixture of youthful energy and mellow wisdom of which his character had come to consist. He died on New Year's Eve, 1955.

Such, in bare outline, was the life to which Mr. Smyth has done justice in an excellent book. Garbett's faults are revealed, as well as his noble virtues. He had some of the awkwardness and proneness to melancholy which are often to be found in celibates. It appears that as a young man he wanted to marry, but was refused by the girl of his choice. Thereafter his preference was for the company of his own sex, and his chaplains meant more to him, emotionally, than even his devoted sister. Though he tried hard to get on with people and gave much of his time to pastoral visitation, he was not naturally gregarious and was to some extent the victim of his own rigid habits. He could be impatient with fools and had no time (literally) for small-talk or the petty amenities of human contact, which are not always so unimportant as they may seem. It was therefore his lot to be more respected than loved.

But his personality was rooted in goodness and grew steadily in beauty and strength through the discipline of a religious life and the sustained and passionate desire to be worthy of Christ. Mr Smyth rightly treats the growth of that personality, rather than the unfolding of an illustrious career, as the main theme of his book. His narrative is lucid, orderly, well-proportioned, and at times humorous — as befits the subject. But it is not altogether free from the type of clerical observation which could momentarily turn the most indulgent reader into a flaming Erastian. He says at one point: "Lang took infinite trouble over individuals, and he even did a certain amount of regular visiting in the Prison . . . *Nor did he consider*

## NO ORDINARY BIGOT

it beneath him to conduct a very large week-day Bible Class for women". (My italics.) Or again, discussing William Temple's attributes: "He was liable to utter profound and pregnant epigrams — like the one about Christianity being 'the most avowedly materialist of the great religions' — which were very exciting for the clergy, but which left the ordinary laity of the Church of England feeling bewildered and uncomfortable". (My italics.) Are we to suppose that the average or sub-average clergyman of the twentieth century is better able than the "ordinary laity" to understand "profound and pregnant epigrams"? In the Middle Ages the Church was indeed the repository of learning, but its ordained ministers can no longer be assumed to have a monopoly of culture, nor is it sensible to refer to the laity nowadays as a collection of simple-minded barbarians. Besides, clergy and laity are alike ministers of the Gospel, and the distinction between them should never be exaggerated.

Apart from these minor irritants, and others like them, the book contains one major flaw to which attention must be drawn. On two occasions Garbett was passed over in favour of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher: first in 1939, when Fisher was appointed to succeed Dr. Winnington-Ingram as Bishop of London (a post for which Garbett had understood he was being kept in readiness, when he was moved from Southwark to Winchester), and again in 1945, after Temple's death. Mr. Smyth does not comment on the relative merits of Garbett and Fisher as candidates for Lambeth, but it is hard to doubt that Garbett would have accepted the highest office (despite much heart-searching and protestations of *Nolo episcopari*) had it been offered to him; and it is equally hard to doubt that he would have been a very much better Archbishop of Canterbury than Dr. Fisher. (His age should not have been held against him by a Prime Minister who was actually a year older.)

Of Fisher's appointment to London Mr. Smyth writes as follows:

"All things considered, it now seems providential that Garbett did not go to London. Had he done so, he would certainly have cleaned up the mess, but his episcopate would have been stormy: the whole Church of England would have been humming with the echoes of the conflict, there would probably have been secessions to the Church of Rome, and there would have been fierce divisions of ecclesiastical opinion throughout the country ... Dr. Fisher, as Bishop of London from 1939 to 1945, cleaned up the mess without tumult and



DR. GARBETT ON A VISIT TO BUTLIN'S CAMP.  
FILEY

with the minimum of public comment, and nobody yet knows quite by what magic it was done."

The "mess" in question was the product of Dr. Winnington-Ingram's failure to keep his clergy within ritualistic bounds, and on Mr. Smyth's own evidence there is every reason to suppose Garbett would have "cleaned it up" with the same firmness and persuasiveness that he showed in dealing with similar problems in the Southwark diocese. The Anglo-Catholic leanings which had marked him from his Oxford days would have been an asset in the circumstances, and his long experience of parish work would have given him an insight which could hardly be expected of a public-schoolmaster. Whatever "magic" Dr. Fisher may have exhibited would have been equalled, if not surpassed, by Garbett. That is a hypothetical judgment, I admit, but so is Mr. Smyth's; and of the two I am convinced that mine is the more plausible and the less invidiously fulsome.

It was my privilege to know Garbett in the splendid autumn of his life, and the way I knew him is worth mentioning because it reveals one of the glories of his character. I

## NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

was invited, in 1948, to attend at New College a meeting of dons and undergraduates, at which I would put forward fundamental criticisms of the Church of England's doctrinal position, and the Archbishop of York (who was on a visit to Oxford) would reply. I said my piece, he said his, and that might well have been the beginning and end of our acquaintance, for there seemed to be no hope of agreement between us. In fact, we became friends and remained friends until his death. We met occasionally and corresponded quite often; I had an open invitation to stay with him at Bishopthorpe and he gave me inscribed copies of his books. For my part I recognised in him a magnanimity and tolerance that tempered the authority of which, in theory, he was the embodiment; and I fancy he may have borne with me (a feat denied to many others of his cloth) because he sensed a zeal for the Church which transcended my flagrant and damnable heresies. Garbett may have been set in his ideas, but his soul was not narrow and his heart was warm. He enjoyed controversy and could laugh at himself as well as at an opponent: sometimes at the two simultaneously. When I had written, reviewing one of his books, that he was "no ordinary bigot", I received a postcard, thanking me for the review and adding: "I think I shall give instructions that, when I die, the words 'No ordinary bigot' be inscribed on my tomb".

ALTRINCHAM.

### UNLUCKY GENERAL

AUCHINLECK: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY. By John Connell. *Cassell*. 35s.

THE successful Allied Generals of the second World War are undoubtedly their own, and each other's, worst enemies. The wheel has come full circle since Clemenceau said that it was easy to be a general because all that a general had to beat was another general. Acting on another precept of his own, that war is too serious a business to be left to the generals, he introduced a new enemy, the politician on the general's own side. In this he was vigorously supported by Lloyd George, as witness the various inter-war reminiscences. It was left to the generals of the second World War—led in the first place, if recollection serves, by Eisenhower—to make it clear that the real menace to them lay in each other.

The process of mutual debunking has naturally hit the apparently unsuccessful generals even harder than the rest. In their case the politicians and their successful colleagues are on the same side. For whereas Sir Winston Churchill can hardly be expected to agree with Lord Alanbrooke that the latter won the War in spite of him, he can be expected to agree readily enough with Lord Montgomery that Sir Claude Auchinleck was well on the way to losing the Middle East in 1942 if he had not been superseded. Auchinleck's reputation is therefore hardly even controversial, like Wavell's. Indeed, it is hardly even remembered at all: it simply stands at zero, with all except those who served under him. But the exceptions may prove historically important, because one of them was Mr. Connell, and Mr. Connell can write.

It is safe to say that his *apologia* for Auchinleck, whether it is judged to succeed or not, can never be ignored. There are at least two good reasons, apart from its great length, why this is so. In the first place, it embodies a considerable mass of unpublished original documents, chiefly the minutes and letters of the Field-Marshal himself and the replies to them. (Mr. Connell claims the precedent of Boswell for such documentary biography, which is to invoke a bold but not unjustifiable comparison). In the second place, his book is accurately described as a "critical" biography. It is not Mr. Connell's object merely to knock down other idols in order to establish a new one of his own. His object is to restore a sense of balance in the public judgment of war leaders.

Auchinleck's errors, of which Mr. Connell provides ample and impartial documentation, lay in the domain of psychology and politics rather than in that of rational military calculation. In 1941, for instance, he incurred the Prime Minister's criticism for leaving the 50th Division in Cyprus, in anticipation of a German break-through into the Middle East from the north. Because no such break-through ever happened, it is easy to forget in retrospect how real a danger it was at the time. But Auchinleck was not successful in putting across to the Prime Minister the reality and justification of his sense of this danger. The reason was in part because he was out of touch with the tension and urgency of the atmosphere in England. For exactly the same reason he failed to appreciate the psychological consequences of his over-optimism about the Eighth Army's premature offensive in January 1942.

## UNLUCKY GENERAL

These misjudgments were compounded by his refusal to return to London for consultation in the spring of 1942. Had he yielded to the pressure of Brooke and Ismay, added to that of the Prime Minister, he would have learned at first hand why it was necessary to be much more than an efficient soldier in order to succeed as a Commander-in-Chief in modern war. By refusing to leave his command temporarily at that crucial date, he sealed his fate and lost it for good within six months. And that was not the worst of it, for four years later he lost his next and last command, that of India in the transitional post-war period, by making mistakes of the same psychological order. He looked upon the future of the Indian Army as a purely military problem, and proposed to solve it as such. This merely went to show that, whatever government he was responsible to, he did not know the men he was dealing with.

All these faults admitted—and Mr. Connell very frankly admits them—the central argument of the book is nevertheless that on the crucial issue, which was how to defend the Middle East, Auchinleck was right. The argument is too long and detailed to be summarised, but it is imperative that it should be read. Leaving aside the friction of personalities, however, the main points may be said to be three: that Auchinleck appeared to fail only because the Prime Minister coerced him into acting prematurely; that Montgomery succeeded only by carrying out Auchinleck's own plan; and that the one substantial difference between the Eighth Army in Auchinleck's day and the Eighth Army under Montgomery was that the latter was properly equipped for the first time. It may be honestly doubted whether the last factor was the *only* difference. But military historians will at least be obliged to give serious attention to Mr. Connell's other points.

It is inevitable that such an *apologia* will be read as trying to turn some established reputations on their heads in order to rehabilitate those who have been misjudged. Apart from Churchill and Montgomery, who are both severely criticised, some lesser legends also suffer at Mr. Connell's hands, notably that of General Gott, who would have commanded the Eighth Army instead of Montgomery but for his accidental death. On the other hand, Mr. Connell tries valiantly to restore the reputations of Generals Corbett and Dorman-Smith, to whom Churchill was frankly brutal both in 1942 and subsequently in print. Occasionally his enthusiasm for his

own cause leads him to commit injustices in his turn. For instance, when he describes Montgomery as "markedly ignorant of India and Indian conditions", it would have been fair at least to note the fact that in his early career Montgomery had served in India and passed an examination in Urdu.

The sum of the whole matter, after all, is probably that some generals are lucky and some are unlucky; and Churchill, like Napoleon, needed the lucky ones. The difference between good luck and bad luck in this context, given more or less equal abilities, is at least partly a matter of timing. Since no British general holding high command at the beginning of a war can expect to do anything but fail, for well-known reasons, it is vitally important not to reach the top prematurely. For there is still a measure of truth in Victor Hugo's theory (applied originally to General Cambronne at Waterloo) that the victorious general is the one left fighting when everyone else has stopped or been killed or retired. By this test Auchinleck was fated to lose; but Mr. Connell has not wasted his time in giving the public a portrait of a most gallant and good loser.

C. M. WOODHOUSE.

## GREATNESS AND GROSSNESS

THE BANQUET YEARS. By Roger Shattuck.  
*Faber and Faber, 36s.*

**T**HE *Banquet Years* is the term that Mr. Shattuck, Associate Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Texas, uses to translate *la belle époque*, by which is meant, roughly, the period of French history between 1885 and 1918. His subject is not, however, the mustachio'd men-about-town and bosomy and bottomy *cocottes* that we usually think of when we hear the expression *la belle époque*. He has, as his sub-title, "The Origins of the Avant-Garde in France" and his thesis is that the surface joviality of those years corresponded to an outburst of creative activity which has marked the whole course of literature, music and the fine arts in the twentieth century. He takes four representative figures of the period, the Douanier Rousseau, Erik Satie, Alfred Jarry and Guillaume Apollinaire and gives summaries of their biographies and appreciations of their achievements. Rousseau is a child-man, whose painting helped in the recovery of the child-like vision which is so important in modern art; Satie



developed a sense of humour in music, at once child-like and sophisticated; Jarry brought the dream into waking life, since he lived his literature as well as wrote it; Apollinaire consciously exploited the technique of ambiguity which is present in the work of the other three.

All this is very interesting and is presented with a wealth of detail. It is a very good thing that the English-speaking public should see how these four eccentrics are behind other figures such as Picasso and Cocteau who have been more talked about in recent years. But I feel that Mr. Shattuck has rather spoiled his book by giving it this flashy title and by over-stressing the connection between the ordinary philistine exuberance of the period and its artistic activities. He is right when he says that one of the reasons why the French go to extremes is that they tend to assume bourgeois solidity to be indestructible. He is on shakier ground when he slips into using the expression "The Banquet Years" to mean, not the gross Edwardianism of *la belle époque*, but the often suicidal eccentricity of its artists. It is true that the artists themselves liked to organise jollifications when they could; who doesn't? If they then tended to swing from the chandeliers, this was not typically *belle époque* behaviour. More often, as Mr. Shattuck shows, they went hungry because *la belle époque* could make no sense of their art. Cocteau, Picasso and the other survivors did not really begin to earn money until the post-1918 period. I wonder if Mr. Shattuck, in his enthusiasm for *la pataphysique*, the Eiffel Tower, Sarah Bernhardt, etc., has not mixed up a number of things that should have been kept separate. Nostalgia is a great blurrer of distinctions.

About the historical importance of Mr. Shattuck's four heroes there can be no doubt. Jarry, in particular, added something to French folk-lore by his creation of *le père Ubu* and by his brand of humour, a diluted form of which is still very much alive among students. But where exactly are we to place, as art, the various products of this fertile "morbid-mindedness"? My impression is, after reading the book, that the Douanier, who has no trace of violence or deliberate peculiarity, is probably the best artist, precisely because he does not confuse art with acting a part. Apollinaire I put lowest, because his genuineness is sometimes doubtful, like Cocteau's. Although Mr.

Shattuck does not avoid these problems, I wish he had given us less picturesque social history and a more soberly phrased aesthetic appraisal. But his book is certainly entertaining and valuable.

J. G. WEIGHTMAN.

# FILL UP YOUR THINK-TANK

THE MOST OF S. J. PERELMAN. *Heinemann*. 25s.

ADMIRERS of this great American clown or wit will be very happy to know there exists a splendid reference-book where they can find that piece that nearly killed them with laughing in some lost *New Yorker* of two years gone. I am not sure, however, if it is the best sort of introduction for would-be neophytes of the Perelman mysteries. There are rather a lot of pages: the feast is a bit too heavily spread for the fare to be properly savoured. I for one would not like to have to read, let alone review, for example, a book containing all Bernard Shaw's prefaces, and that third volume of the great Besterman edition of Voltaire's correspondence I have now before me (July-December 1760) may well last me till July (or December) 1960.

But you see the class I think Perelman belongs to. Besides, he does not appear to have any cranky obsessions of the kind Shaw had or to have written any unplayable tragedies as Voltaire did. Now I know critics are supposed to say why they think their man is so good (or so bad) and not just make raw assertions for readers to accept or reject as they may. But in this particular case Dorothy Parker, who is nearly as witty as Perelman himself, says in the preface that it is simply no good trying to say why he is so wonderful; and I entirely agree with her.

But I would like to try and say what sort of effect he aims at and a little about the materials he uses, as one might say of the great French mime, Marcel Marceau, that he occasionally puts on a very small hat, or George Robey a clergyman's collar.

I think the effect of Perelman is to blow you right out of Time and Space, or at least beyond Good and Evil, by means of the old-fashioned process known as piling on the agony. He seems to be talking about some recognisable human relationship in a not impossible setting, and then goes on operating small changes in both until the whole vision fuses and is transformed into a prospect of the sort of glorious relief that madness, or death, or Paradise itself might bring. If it is done right, as Perelman

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nearly always does it, you laugh a great deal as you do, or ought to do at the Marx Brothers (whom he assisted)—and then feel much better. I think the result is sometimes called surrealist humour, however little it resembles those serious naked ladies who stand about trying not to notice the large white horses in Monsieur Delvaux' canvases. For Perelman's wildness never obliterates the serious satirical intention of lighting up the dark places of modern forms of expression, both popular and genteel. The sleazy corners of Hollywood gossip-writing (see "Nirvana Small") publicity copy and horror fiction supply some of his richest material and the effect, after you have finished laughing, is not so much to fill you with hatred for those corrupters of our tongue, as with gratitude for the benign rays which have sent so many foolish creatures scurrying for their holes and revealing their essential innocuousness—even a sort of ultimate innocence. Yet he is perfectly ready to borrow or quote a few of the absurd and most hideous of these jargons for some of his own most delicious effects, little plays in which the characters converse in the language of advertisements and in one instance ("Somewhere a Roscoe") a mere string of obsessive ejaculations from a horror comic, which he links together with the faintly ironic comments of serious professional criticism:

"From a bedroom a roscow said 'Whr-r-rang' and a lead pill split the ozone past my noggin . . . Kane Forster was on the floor. There was a bullet through his think-tank."

Perelman goes on to compare this with another almost identical passage in the next chapter without betraying any but the coldest analytical attitude, and that suffices. It is one of the most effective pieces in the collection.

But the language of horror, advertising copy and gossip columnist, all of which he adopts and adapts, forms only a small corner of his splendid panoply. Like George Orwell he has a beautiful fidelity to the literature of his childhood and loving reconstructions of the voices of Rider Haggard and Conan Doyle will light up some Broadway or Hollywood scene in sudden blazes of cosmic hilarity. Dr. Watson (disguised as a Mr. Ruikysor or Perelman himself) sometimes even appears in person to assist some little dramatic construction to attain its unbelievable conclusion. But make no mistake: Perelman *also* knows the whole classical literature of Western Europe. Have your think-tank reasonably full, Reader, if you want to get the Best as well as the Most of Perelman.

BASIL BOOTHBY.

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COURTLY AND CLINICAL

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*Michael Joseph*. 21s.

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THE GREAT MARIA. By Elizabeth Inglis-Jones.  
*Faber and Faber*. 25s.

A GENUINELY HUMAN EXISTENCE. By Stephen Neill.  
*Constable*. 25s.

HEIRS AND REBELS. By R. Vaughan Williams,  
and Gustav Holst. *O.U.P.* 16s.

THE SKYLARK AND OTHER POEMS. By Ralph  
Hodgson. *Macmillan*. 15s.

MR. E. S. TURNER'S dissections of various contemporary phenomena, including "penny dreadfuls," advertising, and medicine have had some surprising and entertaining results. He is an unconventional social historian who probes and selects and makes ironical comments on the mass of material he turns up with the gratifying result, noted by a reviewer of one of his earlier books, that as a dispeller of tedium it was worth at least half a dozen visits to the cinema. In these days that might not be regarded as an

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altogether happy comparison, but it will send the reader with a pleasant sense of anticipation to Mr. Turner's latest, *The Court of St. James's*.

The book's purpose is to sketch the life of the British Court for a thousand years, and it includes the story of the Court at Westminster, Whitehall, and other places. Naturally in a book of less than four hundred pages the author is bound to be highly selective. Through the centuries the Court has been, at different times, the driving force of the realm, an incubus upon it and an inspiration to it.

With the Stuarts there ended the resplendent days of wildfire and fountains flowing with wine, and ever since there has been a slow descent from riotous magnificence.

*The Court of St. James's* is a specialised form of social history. Mr. Turner must have consulted numerous authorities for his book, some of whom are acknowledged in footnotes, but rather surprisingly there is no bibliography.

It is curious that at a time when suggestions are being made that the Queen should spend more time in different parts of the Commonwealth, Mr. Turner should be drawing attention to the fact that years ago the Court was often consistently mobile. Henry II was rarely in England at all, but when he was, he made his presence felt. His tasks seem to have been those of a campaigner, but Edward IV on Saturday nights had so elaborate a ritual of hairdressing preparations that he must have had a very short night's sleep.

Edward VI, Jane Seymour's son, had a whipping-boy, who does not seem to have suffered too hardly. Ladies-in-waiting, courtiers, statesmen, play their parts, and the fashion of the day gave place always to something a little less formal, until the vast plain of Victoria stretched away to the horizon, featureless and uninviting. The long dull banquets, the insipid yawn-making evenings all made the Court very much a place to avoid.

To-day a compromise with some sort of informality has been achieved and it is obvious that with the ever-increasing familiarity of publicity methods the Court must achieve a delicate compromise between formality and informality.

*The Inner Circle* of Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick's book has nothing at all to do with mysterious power groups. It is the capitals near home where Sir Ivone spent his diplo-

matic life. The book is quietly and urbanely written. Discretion is stamped all over it. ("I have been careful to give no account of conversations or transactions with men who are still active in the fields of politics and diplomacy.") But in spite of natural convention, *The Inner Circle* is consistently interesting, especially when the author deals with his experiences in Berlin from 1933 onwards, and during the last war when he was instructed to deal with the unexpected arrival of Hess. His work with the B.B.C.'s European Service, as British High Commissioner in Bonn, after the War, and finally as Head of the Foreign Office must have provided some entirely fascinating data which has been sifted remorselessly so that almost nothing remains.

Earlier, there is a pleasing anecdote of an occasion when Goebbels complained to Sir Ivone of an alleged inaccuracy in *The Times*. Sir Ivone replied that he did not admit the inaccuracy and added that he could point out at least one glaring misrepresentation in every issue of the *Angriff*. The Doctor was indignant. "That is quite a different matter. Everyone knows that truth is not to be found in the *Angriff*. So if you prove a lie in the *Angriff* you have scored nothing. But if I can prove one single lie in *The Times* that is a bull point."

*The Great Maria* was Sir Walter Scott's name for the talented Miss Edgeworth, whose *Castle Rackrent* certainly deserves some readers today, and whose *Practical Education* was one of the most discussed books of its day.

Having read Rousseau and Madame de Genlis, Maria Edgeworth was hard at work discussing with her father her great work on education. Dr. Edgeworth believed that children should be brought up to pay attention, to take an intelligent interest in what goes on around them, and encouraged to find things out for themselves. Then, if they had incidentally learned to be industrious, persevering, unselfish and able to control themselves, if they could use their hands as well as their heads, they would have every chance of growing up useful and contented men and women. The whole Edgeworth family had a hand in the book's production. Their father, Richard, was a liberal-minded man with ideas far in advance of his time. He was quite unusually farsighted about children's education and he treated his own children as friends. This key relationship dominated Maria's life, and it would have

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MACMILLAN

been valuable if Miss Inglis-Jones had had more to say about it and also about his educational theories and their effect on the life of the time. The same criticism may be said to apply to the author's treatment of Miss Edgeworth's writing, and it would be pleasant to hear more about the visit paid by the Edgeworth girls to Abbotsford. They were delighted by Walter Scott ("I never saw an author less of an author in his habits") and their grief at leaving made a strong impression on Anne Scott, who remarks that "there was a dreadful scene at parting, the great Maria nearly went into fits, she had taken such a fancy to us all."

Miss Inglis-Jones calls her book "a portrait", and she would probably admit that it is a superficial one. It is to be hoped that some day a much fuller study will be made of a remarkable woman, who happened to become the best known of an unusual and gifted family.

*A Genuinely Human Existence* can be recommended to anyone who is interested in deliberating upon what human nature really is. After all people have been discussing it for three thousand years or so and have found a splendid variety of answers. Bishop Neill's reply is that we do not know what human nature is because it has never been seen in history in unimpaired perfection and throughout this book this view is put forward not as a dogma but as a hypothesis.

Bishop Neill has something to say about psychologists and psychotherapists, and as a priest he naturally refuses to believe that the alleged "religious" feelings and experiences of men stand in no relation to any objective reality.

Written by a Christian, *A Genuinely Human Existence* may not appeal to readers of other faiths, but there can be no doubt that it is a patient and readable enquiry into the difficult art of living.

Ralph Vaughan Williams and Gustav Holst first met as students at the Royal College of Music in 1895 and their friendship lasted until Holst died in 1934. From their student days they used to play to each other the earliest sketches of whatever music they might be composing at the time. These discussions were thorough and combative, and must have helped both men very much indeed. *Heirs and Rebels* is only a fragment of a forty-year-long conversation about music. Meeting as often as they did there was no great need for them to use pen and paper. Holst kept only fifty letters, Vaughan

Williams less than a dozen. The book ends with a talk given at a composers' concourse on *Composers and Teachers* in 1957, twenty-three years after Holst's death, and in it, V.W. spoke of Parry and Stanford, who had taught him in the 'nineties. His tribute to them as composers and teachers is a notable one, and well worth reading by any young musicians today.

It is more than eighty years since Mr. Ralph Hodgson was born and I remember him well talking cheerfully about anything except his own poetry as he sat in Harold Monro's room above the old Poetry Bookshop in (now defunct) Devonshire Street before the first War. The fame of *The Bull* and *The Song of Honour* was great at the time, but Mr. Hodgson seemed to be more interested in his bull terriers and usually took a couple of them about with him. Since then his life has been full and varied but he has written few poems over a period when more work from his pen would have been valuable. His muse is low-toned and simple, but his touch is unmistakable in his best work, and *The Skylark* is among the finest poems he has written, more successful than the longer and more ambitious *Muse and the Mastiff*. I believe that many will think that the collection of lyrics assembled under the title *To Deck a Woman* is the most beautiful thing in the book. *The Skylark* is a book to keep alongside Ralph Hodgson's only other little collection of poems.

ERIC GILLETT.



**records**

### Orchestral

It is to be hoped that stereo and mono recordings of the same work will appear simultaneously this year, or at least that the prospective customer will be told if one or the other is to follow when one only is issued.

These remarks are prompted by a number of stereo recordings of works issued in mono during 1957-9, of which I recommend the following Beethoven discs. Symphony No. 2, D major, excerpts from *Ruins of Athens*, incidental music: Beecham and the R.P.O.,

## RECORDS

H.M.V. ASD 287. Symphony No. 9, D minor: Klemperer and the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus (*Egmont* items in mono issue excluded), Columbia SAX 2276-7. Piano Concerto No. 1, C major, Piano Sonata in E minor (op. 90): Solomon and the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Menges, H.M.V. ASD 294. Piano Concerto No. 5, E flat major: Mindru Katz and the Hallé Orchestra conducted by Barbirolli, Pye CSCL 70019. All these works, and especially the "Choral" Symphony are greatly enhanced by stereo. Solti and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra have recorded this month the 3rd, 5th and 7th symphonies on Decca LXT 5537, SXL 2165: LXT 5510, SXL 2124: LXT 5508, SXL 2121: mono and stereo respectively. These are, in the main, very good and vital performances, but occasionally wayward in the matter of tempo. Both versions are excellently recorded. There is now a first-rate stereo recording of the splendid performance of Brahms's Double Concerto by David Oistrakh and Fournier, with Galliera conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra, on Columbia SAX 2264 (mono 33CX 1487: 11, 57).

Philomusica of London, directed by Thurston Dart, give the best performance of those now available of Handel's "Water Music" Suites (there are at least two, and possibly three, of these) with the movements arranged by the conductor in a sensible order. L'Oiseau Lyre OL 50178, stereo SOL 60010: both excellent.

Hindemith's attractive Concerto for Horn and Orchestra, conducted by the composer, has Dennis Brain as soloist—it is, I believe, the last record he made—a memorable souvenir of his incomparable playing. The disc also has on it Hindemith's *Symphonia Serena*, a very lively and evocative tone picture of the American countryside, superbly played by the Philharmonia Orchestra, who, of course, also accompany in the Concerto. Very good recording (Columbia 33CX 1676).

Only superlatives, again, will do for the last two discs in this section: Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe* ballet, complete with the L.S.O. and Covent Garden Chorus conducted by Monteux, thrilling in both versions (Decca LXT 5536—stereo SXL 2164); and Strauss's *Heldenleben* with Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra: DGG LPM 18550, stereo SLPM 138025, the latter being the best. Karajan, so often criticised for lack of depth, reveals a nobility in Strauss's score that is most moving.

## Choral

In spite of the bitter laments of musicologists Sargent sticks to his guns and has re-recorded his well-known version of the *Messiah*—the version, in general, that the public, at large, has long since taken to its heart—making cuts according to his fancy and, like Beecham, adapting the orchestration, and so forth. His team of soloists Elsie Morrison, Marjorie Thomas and Richard Lewis includes a new bass, and a fine one, James Milligan. As before, Sargent has the Huddersfield Chorus and the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia 33CX 1668-70, stereo SAX 2308-10. The latter version is rather disappointing in regard to the chorus.

If the above set is not for purists the disc containing Palestrina's Mass *Aeterna Christi Munera*, with the plainsong hymn included, and a *Benedictus* by Titelouze, with voices and organ alternating (the voices singing plainsong throughout) most certainly is; and also for all who care for church music sung with such style and devotion. Michael Howard conducts his Renaissance Singers in these works and Nicholas Danby is the excellent organist. The recording was made in the cathedral-like church of St. Philip of Neri, Arundel, and has a splendidly spacious sound in both versions (Argo R.G. 186, stereo ZRG 5186).

I must leave over a number of complete opera recordings until next month.

ALEC ROBERTSON.



## finance

THE Acton Society Trust has done a job for which it is to be hoped that the Stock Exchanges and unit trust managements, in particular, are profoundly grateful. The Trust has spent a lot of its own money in trying (and succeeding) to answer such questions as who is the small investor; why have some people decided not to buy stocks and shares or trust units; and, what changes will have to be adopted if Britain is, in fact, to become a nation of shareholders? Perhaps the most significant and, indeed, surprising result shown by this survey\* is that the number of shareholders seems to be limited more by the fact that lots of people

\*WIDER SHAREHOLDING, published by the Acton Society Trust, 8s. 6d.




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do not think it is worth buying shares than by the fact that they cannot afford to buy shares.

It seems quite clear from this study that, if the number of shareholders is to be increased, then stockbrokers and unit trust managers will have to change their outlook completely on what is proper ethical and professional behaviour and, following the example of their American brethren, go out and persuade people that they ought to buy shares and trust units. The first requirement is that the ignorance and suspicions of the potential small investor should be broken down. After that a further step is needed: this is to persuade people that these forms of investment are not unreasonably expensive in terms of both the charges levied by stockbrokers or unit trust managers and the taxes levied by Government. On the first of these two points the obvious suggestion is that the City should copy the practice of the American monthly investment plan; under this scheme New York member firms accept periodical subscriptions of as low as \$40 at a commission of 6 per cent, investing the subscription in the shares chosen by the client. Making due adjustment for the difference in British incomes and average share prices, it would seem that if this practice were followed over here a cheap means would be provided of investing £5 to £10 without exorbitant costs being incurred. On the second point, it appears that the 2 per cent Stamp Duty is a very much greater psychological barrier than perhaps is warranted by the cost involved. It also seems probable that small investors would be encouraged if dividend income were not automatically deducted at source; and, of course, this investment would be encouraged even more if the first £100, or its rough equivalent in pounds, were free of tax as is the case in the United States. The view of the Acton Society Trust seems to be that even if American taxes cost the investor as much (and they may not), the way in which the United States levies charges on investment is very much less of a deterrent.

If, in order to increase the number of small shareholders, brokers or their agents are to be allowed to advertise and to go out to meet possible investors in their homes or in their places of work, it will also be necessary for the law relating to the activities of stockbrokers and the safeguarding of clients against misrepresentation or manipulation to be strengthened and elaborated. In this context it is well worth remembering

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## FINANCE

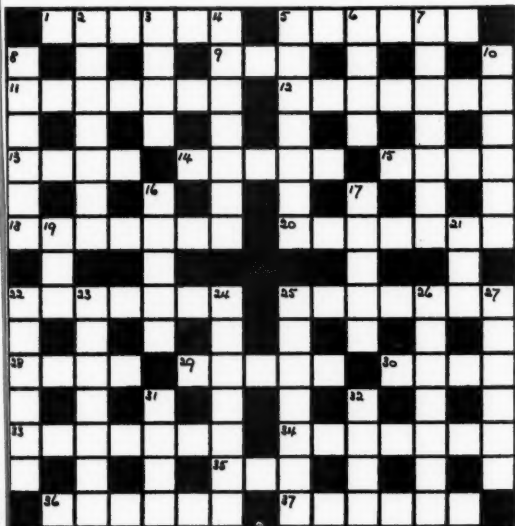
that quite a large number of enquiries have recently either been started or put in hand regarding Company Law, soliciting deposits and various other related financial questions.

On this question, the Acton Society Trust's investigation is quite explicit. In the first place, while employees often commented on the fact that holding shares was regarded as something of a joke, or as something that only the capitalist class engaged in, yet there was remarkably little opposition to the idea on political grounds. Secondly, the Trust itself is in no doubt that wider shareholding is a worthwhile goal. The ownership of shares may, it suggests, produce a significant

and much-needed movement of public opinion; a movement towards growth-mindedness and the acceptance of dynamic change for the sake of its fruits. "If employee shareholding symbolises the worker's relationship to his firm", this Report concludes, "shareholding in general could symbolise the individual's stake in higher productivity and economic progress for the country as a whole. Even were the spread of shareholding to produce, as is quite possible, only a very small net addition to thrift, it might thus exert an economic leverage of disproportionate value".

LOMBARDO.

## NATIONAL & ENGLISH REVIEW CROSSWORD No. 39



*A prize of one guinea will be awarded for the first correct solution opened on January 15. Please cut out and send, with your name and address, to National and English Review (Crossword), 2 Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4.*

*Last month's winner is:*

*Mr. J. W. Polito,  
The Chestnuts, Tur-Langton,  
Leicestershire.*

### SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NUMBER 38

ACROSS.—1. Busman. 4. Firedamp. 9. Arnica. 10. Opinions. 11. Rattan. 12. Prospect. 13. Bat. 14. Cinema. 17. Scandal. 21. Gentle. 25. Set. 26. Domineer. 27. Spinnet. 28. Isotherm. 29. Retain. 30. Estimate. 31. Dredge.

DOWN.—1. Boat race. 2. Sonatina. 3. Acclaims. 5. Impart. 6. Ernest. 7. Adored. 8. Peseta. 12. Painter. 15. Ace. 16. Bag. 18. Leap-year. 19. Standard. 20. Sentence. 22. Advice. 23. Import. 24. Anthem. 25. Secret.

### CLUES

#### ACROSS

1. Teach a branch of learning to one politician (6).
5. Meat is used to make this stuff (6)
9. Strike getting equal backing (3)
11. Moderately slow Dantean composition (7)
12. Skill is an essential for a craftsman (7)
13. Related in a kind of way (4)
14. Condition of Southern gallery (5)
15. Stable company (4)
18. Obliteration is certain after a time (7)
20. Old city in South African province not made by man (7)
22. Former journalists in a hurry? (7)
25. One vehicle and a front for another (7)
28. In consequence the sapper is irritable (4)
29. Still quite diversified (5)
30. Such photographic work is child's play! (4)
33. Depression after I've turned plain (7)
34. Modern entrance in old prison (7)
35. The story of a number, that is (3)
36. It's a short way to ride or walk (6)
37. "Let's fight till six, and then have . . . ." said Tweedledum (6)

#### DOWN

2. Island forced to join the Irish Republican Army (7)
3. Here's a river, — turn on the artillery (4)
4. Letters can provide a means of support (7)
5. "My hounds are bred out of the . . . kind." Shakespeare (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*) (7)
6. Dust causes me to turn in (4)
7. Artiste becoming more piquant when upset (7)
8. To be in control puts years on a fellow! (6)
10. Finishing coat for the Spanish holding title (6)
16. Melted and gave a meal to us inside (5)
17. Account for pen with gold filler (5)
19. Name for a boy about ten (3)
21. Literary gossip in the U.S.A. and Canada (3)
22. Pacific island festival (6)
23. Priests change last (7)
24. Dash to get a bucket for coal (7)
25. Though made to look better, many were not straight (7)
26. Gathering for pressing reasons (7)
27. Pin stuck up through boy (6)
31. Veil for an Old Testament character (4)
32. Bird or bard (4)

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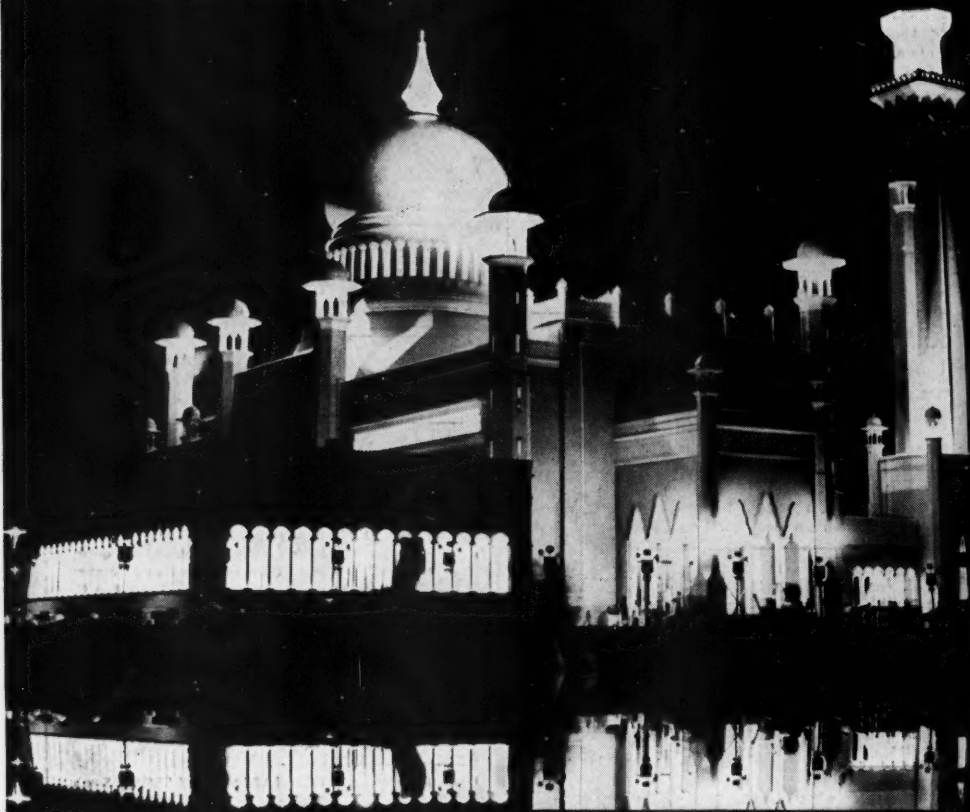
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